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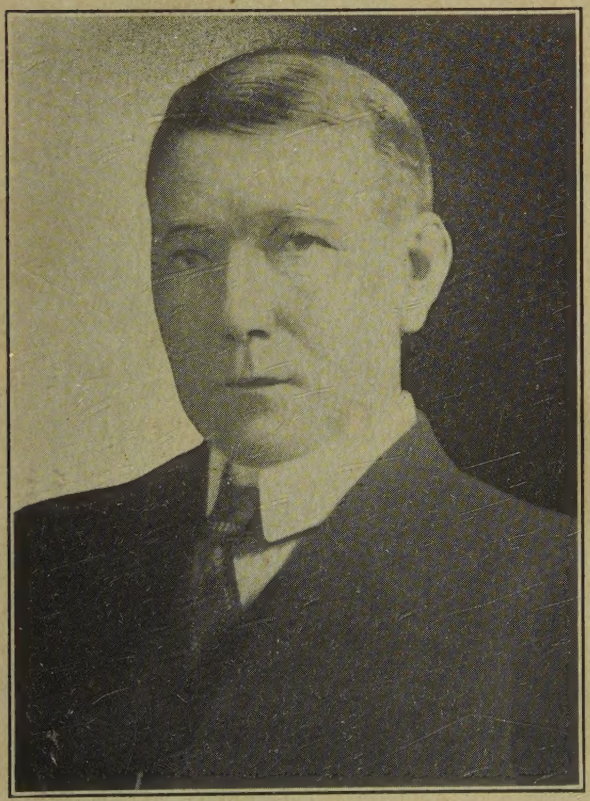

PETE FANNING, *Author*

For Thirty-Seven Years a San Francisco Police Officer

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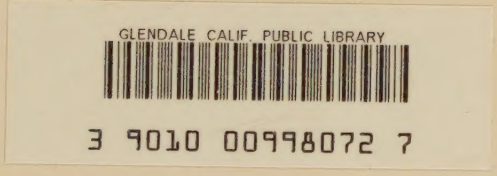

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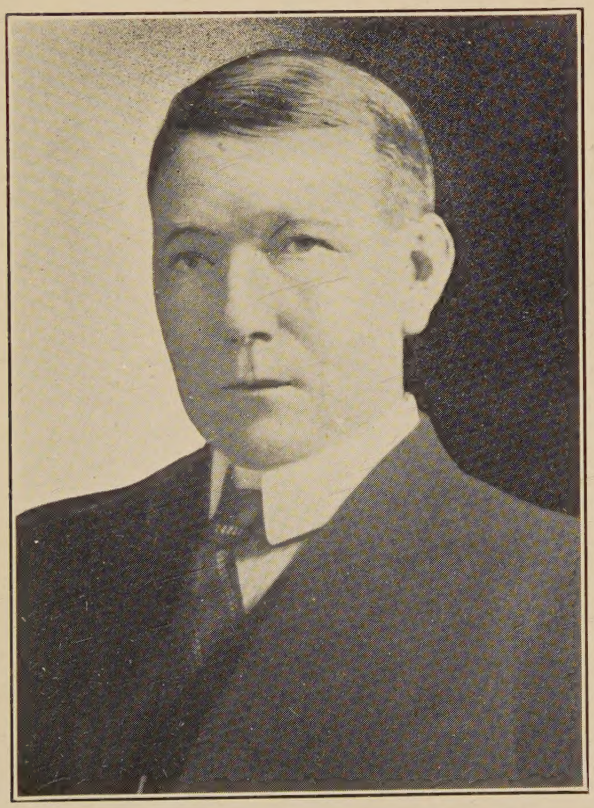
Great Crimes of the West



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PREFACE

IT IS not the claim of the author in presenting these stories to the public that every unessential detail is accurate, because certain minor incidents are based on personal recollection.

The writer, as a boy, was interested in police work of fifty years ago and read with great interest the articles relative to the doings and captures of famous criminals. The same person, as a member of the San Francisco Police Department, was in later years to come in actual contact with many of these "bad" men.

Feeling that the public would be interested in reading about the crimes of a period of the past, the writer has presented these stories for your edification, amusement, and enjoyment. Many of the incidents related were actually experienced by the writer during his thirty-seven years on the San Francisco Police Force.

EARLY HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA

WHEN the recording angel was writing in letters of gold the name "American Republic" upon the fly leaf of our nation's history, the fertile valleys of California slept in the sunshine undisturbed by the tramp of busy feet, and almost as virgin to the plough as they were when the rugged Sierras first rose above the waters. No footprint of man could be read upon the snowy tablet which covered her pine-clad hills, save that of some lonely Indian or Mexican herder.

She was separated from what are now her sister states by an ocean of untravelled prairie. The roar of battle awoke no echo among her lordly hills. Like an angel of destiny she stood grandly alone with her feet in the surf of the Pacific and her face turned toward the setting sun. The time had not come when she could call to her eastern sisters and display to them the golden sands washed down from the rugged hills by centuries of rain, nor the quiet valleys in whose sun-warmed bosom lay the fecund germs

from which the depleted granaries of the overcrowded Old World could be replenished.

The padre contentedly travailled in the shadow of the old adobe mission church, and watched the christianized Indian lazily at work among the clusters of grapes in the garden which afterwards served the purpose of a graveyard. The herder, and he whose sole occupation it was to ride after cattle once a month and strip them of their hides, dreamed away a listless existence in their native Mexican sky. And so that territory, which is now the State of California, lay fallow in the summer sunshine of a century, a sleeping babe through all the years, to arrive at her full womanhood when the great world swung around into the new orbit of a century which later throned her as a queen among her older sisters. Under the repressing influences of a sparse and ignorantly superstitious population, the native Californian was happy in his own conceit. Not knowing that there were other spheres of action and development, he did not, like a petulant child which cries for the moon, complain of his low estate, but contentedly idled away his existence and lolled into the grave comforted by the last rites of the Church, as so many of the forefathers had done before him.

While the padres displayed a most laudable

zeal in establishing missions and looking after the interests of the Indians and Spaniards under their charge, they also lent a helping hand to those who came afterwards. With the progress of the years and the advancement of thought, there came a change which was to mould the destinies of our state. The change was a radical one, but it took place quietly and without serious opposition.

When Mexico cast off the Spanish fetters in 1822, she laid claim to that comparatively unexplored and undefined territory known as California; and when the newly freed province of Spain wheeled into the ranks of the republics, this whole country was solemnly taken possession of as Mexican territory, with a representative in the Mexican congress, and a military commandant at Monterey which was then the capital. The first accessions to the population of California were composed of seafaring men and trappers, who settled about the ports and bays along the coast and engaged in the business of salting hides for the Eastern markets.

A sudden surprise befell the Mexicans when Commodore Jones of the U.S. Navy entered the port of Monterey with the U.S. Frigate, United States, and the sloop of war, Cyane, hoisted the stars and stripes, and claimed California a part

of the American Republic. At the same time John C. Fremont called a meeting of the Americans at Sonoma and took possession of the fort there, capturing General Vallejo, and held him a prisoner at Sutter's Fort.

Commodore Sloat and his fleet entered Monterey Bay; the Portsmouth, a sloop of war, entered this harbor, and the American Flag was hoisted in the plaza which was known after as Portsmouth Square. The Americans then had complete possession of the country. Right after this war, people from all parts of the world started coming to this State and the first passenger steamship to enter the San Francisco Bay was the California, a side-wheeler, carrying some five hundred passengers to seek their fortunes of whatever the country might offer in the way of wealth and adventure. On steaming up the bay they observed the green hills of Marin, and the rugged sides of Tamalpais to their left; looking ahead, they saw in the far distance what is now Oakland and Berkeley; the green grass and poppies were in full view, and when the vessel rounded Telegraph Hill and drew up near the beach, they saw a number of adobe buildings and tents, which was San Francisco in its infancy. These people, like thousands of others who came after, engaged in mining and farming and

other pursuits throughout this beautiful State of California, whose progress has been distinctly marked, and San Francisco, which was a barren heap of rock and sand, has risen in the mighty march of civilization.

THE CRIME OF TROY DYE

ONE of the most cold-blooded and fiendish deeds perpetrated in the year 1878 was the inhuman murder of Aaron M. Tullis, at Grand Island, near Sacramento, and for which Troy Dye, the Public Administrator of that county, and Edward Anderson suffered the death penalty.

This account contains the story of a crime, the parallel of which may be looked for in vain in the criminal records of this, or any other time, making allowance for the advanced civilization of the nineteenth century and the comparatively good social position of the parties implicated.

In the case of Troy Dye, however, is found a man, previously occupying a respectable position in society, and elected by his friends to the office of Public Administrator, coolly and deliberately, after taking office, organizing a campaign of murder against the wealthy and most respectable citizens of the county in which he lived. If the officers failed to detect the murder of Tullis, his death would have been followed by

some other residents of that county, equally fitted as a prey for the Public Administrator, and so that official would have gone on till his appetite for wealth and blood were alike sated.

Anderson was to Dye a fitting tool, and judging from what accounts could be obtained from his life he was a wretch who had within him many a crime undivulged, and who had gone by "unwhipped of justice." There must have been some startling defect in Dye's moral composition, and there can be room for little doubt, for making due allowances for the loose character of his surroundings, during the past years of his life, and the want of proper training in his youth, it seems incredible that a person endowed with that degree of perception of right and wrong granted to the average man could have become so totally inhuman, so impregnated with devilishness in so short a time. His wickedness must have been slumbering within him, and the passion which worked this wickedness was his love for gold.

Aaron M. Tullis came to this state when quite a young man, and a bachelor, and he selected a portion of Grand Island as the location for his future home, which was little better than a tule marsh. By hard work and with limited means at his command, he erected levees, and by ditching

and draining he reclaimed it from the dominion of the water and made it one of the most productive pieces of fruit-growing lands in the state. He built himself a comfortable dwelling, and although without the domestic surroundings which are supposed to be necessary for perfect happiness in this life, it is fair to suppose that in his own mind he was contented and consequently happy.

Year after year, the returns from his orchard increased, and with the earnings from the same he invested in some more property along the bank of the river, until finally he said, "I have got all I want now, and I will take the remainder of my life easy." And as the saying of the farmer of those days after a prosperous year "that there will be plenty of smoke come out of the chimney this winter," Tullis figured that he had a sufficiency of smoke for the rest of his days. At the time that he was murdered it was supposed that he was worth in the neighborhood of $100,000.00 and it was always rumored that he was without relatives and little ever was known of him being connected with ties of blood—so it will be readily seen that the estate of this man, of all others, offered temptations to a public administrator, who, like Dye, had made up his mind that the only way to make anything out of his office was

to go to work in a systematic manner and by employing a couple of "killers" to have his pick of the estates in the county.

One evening of August of that year, two men were seen to land upon the Island, and one of them, after making inquiry of a Chinaman, who worked on the ranch, as to his master's whereabouts, was directed to the orchard, where he proceeded alone, leaving his companion by the boat where they landed. The man did not return, nor did Tullis make his appearance at the house that night. The next morning the Chinaman suspected something wrong was done, and started along the levee, and there he discovered the body of Tullis lying dead beneath a peach tree, and by his side stood his faithful dog, licking the face of his master and then uttering a low howl, almost human in its sorrowful expression.

The Chinaman immediately gave an alarm and neighboring ranchers appeared upon the scene. They found that Tullis had three gun-shot wounds in him. Now the question arose, who was the perpetrator? After the sheriff and his deputies arrived on the scene, an investigation was had and inquiries made, and a conclusion was reached that the two men who landed on the island were the murderers. From the point where Tullis was murdered there were tracks of the

two men towards the river, and there the tracks ended. The murderers evidently intended to destroy the boat beyond identification, but through haste or some other cause had left their work incomplete, and even had they thrown all into the stream, the eddy, like the hand of providence, stood ready to receive it and hold it against the guilty ones. Never was the saying "murder will out" stronger exemplified than in this case. For several pieces of the boat were taken from the eddy and upon one of the pieces was a quantity of figures, which, after being multiplied and added, gave a product of sixty-four.

Now sixty-four feet of lumber, according to the sheriff's figures, would build such a boat, and upon ascertaining from a lumber yard, in Sacramento, of lumber that had been sold there, it was shown that sixty-four feet of lumber was sold to two men, Edward Anderson and Tom Lawton. The salesman there said that the lumber was delivered by the draymen to the residence of Troy Dye, the Public Administrator. The salesman also identified the figures on the lumber as his. Like a row of bricks set up on end once set in motion all follow, the evidence piled up. After the murder of Tullis, these two men had met Dye about a half mile up the river, waiting with his buggy for them, and the whole

party drove into Sacramento and had gotten out and eaten some oysters, and after getting into an altercation, the whole party was the worse for liquor, and upon investigation the sheriff discovered that the three men in the party were Troy Dye, Edward Anderson and Tom Lawton (who made his escape), and this was the link that connected the chain.

Troy Dye, little knowing of the terrible evidence against him, applied for letters of administration on the estate of the murdered Tullis. He was finally arrested at his house, accused of the crime and lodged in jail. Anderson's arrest followed. When Dye was confronted with all this evidence he finally broke down and made a confession, which, for cold-blooded, revolting villainy and total absence of all feeling of humanity, was perhaps never equalled.

For the possession of gold these men forfeited everything and became blinded to all else and should be a warning, for what is in the love and thirst for riches after all when the sound of the Roll Call comes?

THE DURANT CASE—THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY

ONE of the most atrocious crimes ever committed in San Francisco was the murder of Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams, which took place in the Emanuel Baptist Church on Bartlett street, between Twenty-second and Twenty-third, in the month of April, 1895, and for which Theodore Henry Durant was convicted and suffered the death penalty.

It is the story of the murder of two conspicuously bright, innocent and loveable girls, in which the hand of assassination seemed to have been gloved by the most sacred things. This hideous story opens with two girls, without maternal guidance. The first of these, Blanche Lamont, was a wholesome, healthy girl, of a strong, well-built frame. She was attending school, had romantic ideas, and possibly all of a foolish girl's longing for strange adventures. In the month of April of 1895, she suddenly dropped out of sight.

The second, Minnie Williams, was of perfectly opposite type. She was of a very small and frail physique, and from her appearance she looked as though her life would be short. There was no girlish romance in her composition. She had witnessed the miserable causes that had separated her parents, had herself suffered the hard pangs which the discovery of a lover's duplicity had forced upon her, and had been driven from a position of comfort to perform menial services for her livelihood. Thus had she been made wise and hard beyond her years, and with all, she had character, firm and self-reliant.

At the time of Blanche Lamont's disappearance, several of the Sunday school scholars entered the church one evening and made a horrible discovery. They found nothing to arouse their suspicions until they reached a small room off the library. Entering it they found, lying on its back, covered with blood and with clothing disarranged, the body of a girl. She had been stabbed in several places. Her right hand had been almost cut off and there was a horrible gash on her forehead. Some of the clothing had been torn from her body, and the appearance all pointed to an assault, followed by murder. It was soon ascertained that the murdered girl was Minnie Williams, a Sunday school

classmate of the missing Blanche Lamont. The closet in which she was found was in the front part of the church. The body lay in such a position that the right arm outstretched, and was in sight from the library entrance. A broken case-knife, with which the murder had been committed, lay near the body. There was no evidence of a struggle and the chances are that the assault was a complete surprise to the victim. The wounds were frightful to gaze upon. There was a gash extending between the eyes to the right, two slashes on the breast where the dress had been torn open, and the probably fatal wound on the right wrist. A stab in the right breast broke a piece of the blade off the knife. It remained embedded in the flesh. Another portion was found in a second wound, and a third was missing, but was supposed to be embedded in the body. A portion of the girl's undercloth-ing had been torn off and pushed into her throat and used as a gag. The supposition is that when she entered the church she was accompanied by a man who made an insulting proposal and whom she repelled, but he persisted.

Now the question arose, who was the murderer and where was Blanche Lamont. A thorough search of the church disclosed no tidings of Blanche Lamont, but a little later Detective

Barney Riehl, who is now connected with the Detective Bureau, climbed up into the belfry, and in breaking in a door he discovered footprints in the dust. Following these footprints he found the nude body of Blanche Lamont. Now the story began to unfold itself under the shrewd, prompt and highly intelligent work of the police. These girls were both members of the Emanuel Church and were friends. Both belonged to the same class in the Sunday school, both had received a lover's attention from Theodore Durant, a medical student living with his parents in this city. He was the librarian of the church, and was assistant superintendent of the Sunday school. He was familiar with the church and carried one of the few keys to its private door. In person he was a strong, well-made young man, with a pleasing and cheerful address. According to information furnished the police by a man named Charles Hill, Durant was the last person seen in company with Blanche Lamont the day of her disappearance.

Following the discovery of the body of Blanche Lamont the police went in search of Durant and learned he had gone into the country with a signal corps. Detective A. Anthony was sent out to get him and located Durant at Walnut Creek, California, and returned him to the

city. Many circumstances at once fastened on him which increased each hour with the development of new circumstances, and the first piece of evidence against him was the finding of Minnie Williams' empty purse in one of his pockets at his home and from then on, which will be related later, the splendid work of the police department in the case, rendered to the community.

The following morning after Durant's arrest, I was detailed for duty at the cell of Durant. This large cell faced the desk of Captain Stone, in the office of the City Prison, and had been assigned for the use of Durant so that watchful eyes might mark his every movement. A mattress, placed on the floor in the innermost corner, with a few blankets spread on top, was the bed provided for his use. When I spoke to him I noticed that he was suffering the signs of inward agony, which were visible to all. His eyes worked nervously, the muscles of his cheeks twisted—he shifted from one foot to another, and as he held on to the iron bars of his cell, he would bow his back as far out as his arms would permit. More than once when I spoke to him he would drop his head so that the cross-bars of iron would cover his eyes from me.

His father was among the first of the numerous visitors who called that morning. He shook

hands through the bars with his imprisoned son. Later on he was joined by his attorney. Durant had been subsequently informed by his attorney of the evidence the police had accumulated against him, and of the unremitting search for more. He was aware that the circumstances appeared all against him and he could not help but know that if not guilty nothing but a miracle seemingly could clear him from the gallows. His appearance then looked as if he was on the verge of a confession. Durant had been interviewed by his captors; had been hooted at on the boat and pursued through the streets of the city by yelling crowds the night before, and all this was enough to make any man nervous. There were numerous crowds of people assembled outside of the prison, which was then on McAllister street near Larkin. Among them were numbers of women, carrying bunches of flowers and asking for admission to see the young prisoner. There were several, who were impelled by curiosity, seeking admittance, but met with opposition from Captain Stone, who had ordered that only the friends and attorneys of the prisoner, and those entitled to the privileges of the jail should be allowed in the prison.

When Sergeant Witman entered the prison that morning, he noticed a small box made of

cardboard in the hallway. He picked it up, and found that it was addressed to Chief Crowley. Sergeant Wittman opened it, and found that, in adidtion to a lady's glove, stained with red ink so as to make it look like blood, and a few strands of hair, it contained the following note: "You are on the wrong trail. Got the wrong bird. My handiwork. Harry, the Hacker. Find me, if you can." The box and its contents had evidently been thrown there by some goofy, who thought it was a smart joke.

As the morning passed, great excitement prevailed in and outside the prison. Detective Anthony appeared with a warrant charging Durant with the murder of Minnie Williams. The prisoner was then taken into the office of Chief Crowley to be inspected by three young ladies who were classmates of Blanche Lamont at the Normal school, on Powell street, near Sacramento. On the day of Blanche Lamont's disappearance she came out of the school with these three young ladies, and in walking down to Clay street, at Powell, Durant was standing on the corner and tipped his hat to her. They then boarded the car, sitting on the outside, on the dummy. One of the classmates entered the car on the inside. As the car went along Powell street the other two girls had just reached Cali-

fornia and Powell on their way home when the car appeared. Both of the girls took particular notice of Blanche Lamont and Durant sitting on the car, on the dummy. In other words, they wanted to see what Blanche's beau looked like.

These three young ladies appeared at the Chief's office, and he instructed them that if they recognized the prisoner as the man they saw with Blanche Lamont, to say so. Durant was then brought into the Chief's office, and as he entered he glanced sharply at Miss Edwards, who had boarded the car with him and Blanche Lamont. The three girls positively identified Durant. They were then taken to the morgue and Blanche Lamont's clothing was identified by them as that which she wore on leaving the school. There was not the least hesitation apparent in their identification of him. Durant, when questioned by the Chief as to the girls identifying him, stated that he had never seen them, and at the time mentioned he claimed to be at the Cooper Medical College, where a lecture was delivered by Dr. Cheney on the subject of "How Infants Feed," involving the matter of the sterilization of milk. His name was marked "present" on the roll book at the lecture, but upon Dr. Cheney being questioned in regard to it, he could not positively state whether he was present, as the roll call

was taken after the lecture had been concluded, when there was always confusion. Several students who were present at the lecture were also called, but none of them could state that Durant had been there. This roll call was the pivotal point that the defense centered on in the trial, but the alibi was not established.

There were a number of phrenologists and those interested in the knowledge of craniology, who expressed a desire to discover, if possible, any formation of the head of Durant that would indicate the possession of abnormal passion, but the police would not permit any of the gentlemen to examine Durant's head until they were through with him, as it was said that there was too much danger of some pretending physician putting into the young man's hand the means of defeating the ends of justice.

Previous to the trial of Durant, Captain Lees ordered Sergeant Russell to have erected a miniature model of the belfry tower of the church, and enough of the building indicating the floors, as he was afraid the court would not allow the jurymen to visit the church, and so had this elaborate model built so that the jurymen might thoroughly understand the scenes of the murders. The heavy beams of the model were as thick as your thumb, the rafters and joists were

the smallest of laths, while the stairs and ladders and the furniture of the church would fit a child's doll house. It was this model that played a large part in the trial. Russell also had a line map of the territory immediately surrounding the church, and this, with the model of the tower and some photographs of the church and its vicinity, were all admitted as exhibits in the case. Sergeant Russell took the stand, and speaking in a slow, careful and matter-of-fact way, explained the different parts of the practical model, tower and belfry.

Then the taking of evidence began in earnest. The first witness called was C. G. Noble, Blanche Lamont's uncle. All he was called for was to swear that the body found in the belfry of the church was that of his niece. This was merely satisfying the requirements of the law by proving that the girl was dead.

The Durant case was one of the most remarkable as well as the most famous instance of circumstantial evidence found in the criminal history of the United States. The manner in which the case had been handled gave unlimited credit to the District Attorney and to the detectives who assisted in the preparation of the evidence. Every fact had been fitted into the preceding fact with such nicety that the case of the people

had the effect of a logical demonstration. Circumstantial evidence is often made up of trifles, yet it was evident that in the investigation of the church, the belfry and the facts about Blanche Lamont, trifles were almost wholly neglected. Fortunately, the case did not depend on foot prints in the dust, blood on a looking glass frame or thumb marks on a wall. There was a trail behind this murder across the city as broad as a wagon track. It is worthy of remark, however, that a large part of the evidence in the case was due to the newspapers. But for the publicity given the facts of the crime, the witnesses with their convincing evidence might never have been found, and it was a matter of record that their evidence was brought out by their newspaper reading. Every one of them learned by reading the newspapers that the evidence he or she possessed was valuable to the case, and but for this knowledge given them at that time, facts might have been forgotten and the evidence lost forever.

About 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon of April 3, 1895, Durant came to the neighborhood of the Normal School, which was then on the block on Powell street, between Clay and Sacramento, waiting for Blanche to come from school. Up and down he paced on the block—eager, anx-

ious, watchful and waiting. There had been several burglaries committed in that neighborhood a few days previous, and an old lady named Mrs. Vogel, living opposite the school, saw Durant pacing up and down. Having considerable money in the house, she became suspicious of him and never took her eyes off of him. At 3:00 o'clock Blanche Lamont and a school girl friend, named Minnie Belle Edwards, came out from the school together and walked down to the corner of Clay and Powell streets, to take the Powell street car, going towards Market street. As they came to the corner of Clay and Powell, Durant approached them and raised his hat to Blanche Lamont. She spoke to him and was separated from Miss Edwards, who got inside the car, while Blanche and Durant got on the outside of the car, on the dummy. Two other girls, who attended the Normal School, were walking along Powell street from school, and when they reached the southeast corner of California and Powell they saw Durant and Blanche together on the car.

At Powell and Market streets, Blanche and Durant transferred to the Valencia street car. They were next seen by an old lady named Mrs. Crossett, who was well acquainted with Durant's family. She boarded the car at Haight and Mar-

ket streets, and it proceeded out to Twenty-first street. After getting off the car they were next seen by an attorney named Martin Quinlan, who lived for years in that neighborhood, and who had often seen Durant and Blanche. Durant and Blanche were then going in the direction of the Emanuel Baptist church. As they passed along, going toward the church, they were then seen by an old lady named Mrs. Leake, who lived diagonally opposite the church. She knew Durant very well, as she had been a member of the church for a number of years. When they arrived at the side gate of the church on Twenty-third street, Durant opened the gate, Blanche stepped through first, Durant following and closed the gate. This was about twenty minutes past four, on the afternoon of April 3, 1895.

A little after 5:00 o'clock, George King, who was the organist of the church, entered to practice some music on the piano in the Sunday school room. As he entered the church he noticed what seemed to him to be the smell of gas. He looked around to see where the leak was, and noticed that the door that opened into the library room of the Sunday school was open. He lit a match and tried it on the fixtures, to learn if any gas was escaping and where. Not finding any, he closed the door and began to play the

piano. While King sat at the piano Theodore Durant appeared. He was pale, disheveled and without his coat and hat. King jumped up from the piano and asked Durant what was the matter with him. Durant told him that he had been up to the top of the church fixing the electric light wires, and that while up there he had been overcome by escaping gas. He asked King to run down to the drug store and get him some bromo seltzer.

That evening was the regular Wednesday evening prayer meeting at the church and Blanche had not returned home. Her aunt was very much alarmed about her, although she did not want, as yet, to notify the police or her friends, of Blanche's non-appearance. Therefore, Mrs. Noble, Blanche's aunt, went to the prayer meeting in the hope that perhaps Blanche might have stopped to supper with some of her friends and would be at the prayer meeting. But Blanche was not present there.

A few days passed and the disappearance of Blanche Lamont was reported to the police and made known to the world. Durant, in company with George King, called at Mrs. Noble's house and offered their services to assist in finding Blanche. So the days passed on and nothing was heard of her. Some days later a ring was offered

for sale by Durant to a pawn-broker named Oppenheimer in Dupont street. This ring—a plain gold band, containing a chipped diamond, belonged once to Maude Lamont, who had exchanged it with her sister, Blanche, for a garnet ring. Oppenheimer did not purchase it. On the Saturday preceding Easter, a package was received by Mrs. Noble, Blanche's aunt. It was a newspaper—"The Examiner"—with another newspaper wrapper around it. Inside the paper were the three rings that Blanche wore when she left home—the little diamond ring offered for sale to Oppenheimer—and two others. On the same day some ladies went to the church to decorate the altar with Easter lilies and flowers. Their attention was attracted to the Sunday school library room upon arriving at the church, and here they found the murdered body of Minnie Williams. The finding of this body led to the calling in of the police and a search of the church.

The officers made a thorough search of the property, when Detective Barney Riehl ascended the stairs to the belfry, and he discovered the door closed and locked, and the knob of the door broken off. He was compelled to break open the door and upon entering on the platform of the belfry he discovered the dead body of Blanche

Lamont. Her school books and her clothes were hidden in the rafters. There she lay—unhonored, unclothed, unwept—with no dirge but the whistle of the wind through the eaves of the belfry. She had been left there to wither and age to decay.

When all this testimony had been introduced in court, Durant said that at the time mentioned —that day that he was accused of m e e t i n g Blanche Lamont at the school, that he was attending a lecture at the Cooper Medical College. His name appeared on the roll call, but several of the students in the class were unable to testify that Durant was present at the lecture, when called. In fact, there was not a student in the entire class that had seen him present at the lecture.

No one who had followed this sworn evidence could doubt for an instant the justice of the verdict which was rendered against Durant. Every opportunity had been given the defense to break down the case for the people—to challenge—to even trap its witnesses and to contradict the inferences to be drawn from circumstances. The evidence against the defendant had piled up with overwhelming force, and the only contradictions to be brought against it were those furnished by defendant himself. The jury brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree.

THE SELBY SMELTER ROBBERY

ONE of the most gigantic robberies committed some years ago was the theft of gold bars valued at $280,000 from the Selby Smelting and Refining Co., located on the Contra Costa shore near Martinez. This robbery created a veritable panic in police circles and it was the most stupendous reported in the annals of the police department. There was not a clue, not a suspicious character under surveillance and the detectives were working blindly up against a brick wall. Eventually to the acumen of one man was due the final solution of the mystery, a simple solution when it came, and through his skillful knowledge he succeeded in fastening the crime on Jack Winters, an employe of the company, and the recovery of the gold bars.

Jack Winters was a mere lad when he secured a position from the company, big-hearted in a way, ambitious to forge ahead. He started from the bottom rung of the ladder, gradually working his way up the scale until he became an

expert gold assayer and refiner. His educational privileges had been scanty, his schooling vague. His parents being poor, it became necessary for him to go to work when other boys were in the grammar school. He was a fairly good son and helped his parents along till their demise. His work called for the constant and continuous handling of huge gold bars and slugs, but even though he realized the enormous value each bar represented, there was no temptation to Jack Winters in handling of this precious metal. Winters lived in a little cabin about a quarter of a mile from the works, and led a lonely bachelor life, which began to pall upon him, and was earning good money, spending it very freely on Saturdays and Sundays in the little village nearby with the rest of the boys, enjoying those holidays as any man of his impulse.

Not many furlongs away from Jack's cabin there lived a farmer's daughter, Ida Frazer by name, a pretty little country girl whose parents were poor, but she was perfectly content in her own sphere, working hard all day long in her domestic duties, and knew no larger life. As Jack would be going to his daily toil each morning through the field, his heart would beat with rapture and he would stop and listen to a voice singing in the distance, "Within a Mile of Edin-

burgh Town," or "Bring Back My Barney to Me," or some other good old-time song. 'Twas the voice of the farmer's daughter singing as she sat milking her cow. So Jack, with a determination, set his cap to win the farmer's daughter.

A country circus came to a small town a few miles away from the works and Jack and his comrades attended. Ida Frazer and some of her friends attended also. The girls and the men from the works sat side by side, Ida next to Jack. Her blonde head was in close proximity to his many times as they both bent forward to watch a clown's antics or a rider's maneuvers in the ring. She struck his fancy as a very pretty girl. She dropped her program and Jack picked it up and that incident formed the acquaintance, and frequent jaunts to the city theatre followed. Expensive gifts found their way to Ida's home, as Jack was head over heels in love, and they became engaged.

In a heart-to-heart talk with Jack one day, she said, "I've seen the struggle of my father and mother and I want things different for you and me. To begin with, I don't want you to think I'm mercenary, I love the pretty little attentions you heap on me, but they cost oodles of money. Cut them all out and start to save, and the very first thousand you save, I will be ready and

eager for you, and I know my future will be safe with you." He replied, "You just sound like a novel I've finished, 'Why Girls Leave Home.' Just get hip that I'll take care of you." She replied that it was too serious a matter to joke about, and "I've made up my mind quite thoroughly that there is nothing doing in the doubling-up line—mind you, I'm from Missouri, and you've got to show me. You're getting a good salary now, and you are blowing in every cent in these mercenary days, and that's not business." Thus spoke the matter-of-fact, sensible girl, young in years, country-bred, but wise.

"You're all right, kid," answered Jack, quite seriously, "I'll knock off on booze and gambling and start in and place temptation in some bank cashier's way by making weekly deposits, and in a jiffy I'll be to the good." Months slipped by quickly, the weekly salary slipped from Jack's fingers quickly. The good resolutions slipped by even more quickly. Says Ida to Jack one day, "Has the cashier you spoke to me about some months ago been tempted yet?" "Surely," said Jack, "I'm pretty near six hundred to the good and in just a little while you and I are going to make a date with the good father." After Jack left her, on his way to his cabin, he ejaculated: "I'm a cur, a contemptible liar; I haven't a bean

and I am queering myself with the dearest little ray of sunshine that will ever come into my life.'' Winters entered the cabin. He had not a red cent and an impulse directed him to the works. He crept into the assaying room that night and picked up one of the bars of gold, saying, ''A thousand dollars and I can marry the woman I love.'' He gazed at the window; he saw a vision. 'Twas the face and form of his sweetheart waiting him, shaking her head mournfully. He placed the bar of bullion back in its place and crept silently out into the night. A few months glided by and Winters' weekly wage was frittered away. Again Ida asked him about the cashier and again Jack lied. That night conscience and Jack severed their relationship. He told Ida that he would be very busy at the works for several weeks as they were over-loaded with business and he would be unable to see her for a while. He again entered the assay room; the gold bullion was not in its accustomed place—it was in the vault. Now, how to get into that vault! He was not an expert cracksman, but he was a clever mechanic. For two weeks, night after night, he dug a tunnel under the building of the works square under the vault, and then drilling the vault, finally extracted from it bars of gold bullion aggregating the sum of $280,000. Now that

he had the gold, what should he do with it? To take it to his cabin he feared there would be a slip-up, so he procured a wheelbarrow and buried it in the mud when the tide was low, and he then figured out that after a few weeks when the hue and cry would be over, he would extract them. For weeks not a scrap of information could the detectives glean. The newspapers blazoned forth the details, every employe of the works underwent an examination, Winters included, who went to his work every morning. He discussed the robbery with his affianced bride, and even expressed to her the hope that the guilty one would be eventually captured. Night and day Winters observed forms and shadows which he instinctively knew were keen-eyed sleuths. It was too soon for him to make the next move in the desperate game he had played and was still playing.

The next night that Jack Winters called on his sweetheart, shaking her hand in his large, calloused, grimy one, he said: "It's just about time to have our m a r r i a g e c e r e m o n y performed," grinning admiringly at her. "Oh, Jack," she murmured, "do you really mean that you have saved the whole $1,000.00. Have you it in the bank now?" "Have I got it now? You can just bet your old shoes I have and even if I

do say it myself, I that shouldn't, I have plenty more, too. An old aunt of mine died and left me a good bunch of sovereigns and from now on I can sing to you that good old country song, 'I'm Going Right Home to My Darling with My One Pound One.' How much do you think that your father would want for this place? I've had my eyes on it for some time and would like to buy it from him. Do you think he would fall for $5,000?'' ''Oh, Jack,'' murmured Ida, ''you just quit your joking; I don't believe a word you say.'' ''I'm on the square about this, and me and you are never going to want for anything as long as we're on this earth. As soon as I can, I'm going to quit my job; I don't want to do it now because suspicion might be directed on me about that robbery. I don't want to quit till they get the guys that pulled the job, and as soon as they do, me and you for the good father and then a trip back to the old country. I want you to keep this mum; it's alright about your folks knowing it, but don't spread it around the works, for if the bunch up there get wise that I have a barrel of coin, I will look for all kinds of touches and I don't want any more booze or treating the boys as long as I've got you.'' ''Jack!'' she exclaimed, all excitement, throwing her arms around him, ''I believe you and you're the grandest man on

this earth,'' and with another kiss and hug, ''I'm the happiest woman.'' ''Daddy, oh Daddy,'' she called to her father, ''Jack's inherited some money and he is going to buy this place from you.'' She hugged her father rapturously and was simply wild with joy. A few days after the event of Jack's good fortune had been known in the household, a detective happened to pass the homestead, and leaned idly against the fence, apparently looking at the flowers, and Ida happened to be watering them. ''Good morning,'' said the stranger, politely doffing his hat. ''Good morning, sir,'' she pleasantly replied. ''May I ask you the name of that particular flower?'' he asked, pointing to a bush with dark colored roses on it. ''Oh, that?'' returned Ida, ''I don't know if it really has a name; just a rose, you know.'' ''Jack Winters brought me some slips some time ago. He saw that rose growing near his cabin and a great many people passing along here admire this bush. Would you like a slip?'' she asked. ''Jack Winters,'' he inquired, disregarding her kind offer. ''Oh, I know Jack Winters quite well. He certainly is a charming fellow.'' ''You know Jack and you think he's charming,'' her eyes were beaming, ''I'm so glad,'' as she blushingly turned away. ''Glad,'' he repeated quite carelessly, ''Why?'' ''Well, if

you must know, Jack's inherited quite a fortune, and he and I are going to be married." She blushed furiously, her joy was too great to keep to herself. The news was too good to retain; she was bubbling over with the joy of living. Her soul sang with happiness; she must have everyone happy with her, with the cute detective listening in. "Well," the detective ejaculated, "I really congratulate you and Jack, and I'll have quite a story to tell him; I wish you oceans of luck. I didn't quite catch your name," he said again, emphasizing his apparent concern. "Ida Frazer," frankly she said. "Knowing now that you are a friend of my Jack's, you surely will tell me your name, won't you?" "Surely," he answered, "my name is Edward Strong," and he tipped his hat and started to walk away. "By the way, Mr. Strong, I would be pleased for you to wear this rose on your coat," handing one to him. "With the greatest of pleasure," he said and went on his way. This detective at once realized that an employe of the company was responsible in some way for the robbery of the gold bars, saying to himself: "So Jack Winters inherited some money and not a soul around the works mentioned this, not a human being, save the girl and Winters, has heard of it. That's rather strange; now, I wonder—" He wends his

way to the works and meeting Jack, says: "The top of the morning to you, my boy; let me congratulate you; I just heard of your good luck; fine girl you've got, old man! I just heard an aunt of yours died and left you quite a bit of money." The trace of uneasiness in the eyes of Winters, as he gazed into those of the detective, created an immediate impression on the mind of the quick-witted officer. There was a certain something in Winters' appearance that made the detective suspicious and he immediately repaired to Winters' cabin and made a systematic search, where he found a shovel with remnants of a peculiar colored mud on it. What earthly use could Winters have for a shovel unless for use about the stove.

Ashes and coal do not spell mud. He found there was no mistake that the color of the mud was the same that had been dug in the tunnel to the entrance of the vault where the bullion was, and was the first tangible clew that led up to a definite result. He then returned to the cabin and searched all the premises looking for some misplaced earth or a tree with some mark on it. Down on hands and knees he crawled about feeling, scratching, investigating each and every part and parcel of earth. He discovered a wheelbarrow hidden in the tall grass, developments

were progressing with some rapidity. He says to himself, whoever stole the bullion made use of the wheelbarrow and the shovel, which he carefully hid away. That evening the detective went to Jack's cabin and rapped on the door. Jack replied, come in. The detective found him reading the newspaper and smoking his pipe. "Well," said Jack, "what is wanted?" "You," said the detective, gazing directly into his victim's eyes. "For what?" "For the robbery," was the blunt, decisive rejoinder. "You're kidding me, ain't you?" Jack was nervous now, his decisive grin had vanished. "Winters," said the detective kindly, but with firmness, "I'm going to ask you something and you can answer it or not, just as you please. Do you know what a hypothetical question means?" "I do not," was the reply. "Well, I'll tell you briefly. It is a condition which you might call a possible case. Just listen to this story, Winters, and tell me what you think of it." The detective began his story. "Winters," he said, leaning his head on his hand and still gazing at the man opposite. "Winters, supposing I was a clever assayer and I had a good paying job. Supposing I gambled and drank and spent all that I earned foolishly every week. Then, for instance, I meet a sweet young girl, and I come to the conclusion that I've been a fool and

that I am going to change my life and try to save enough money to make that sweet young girl my wife. My intentions are the best and I make up my mind to save. Time passes. I'm too weak a specimen of a man and instead of adhering to my resolution I go on throwing my money to the saloons and gambling houses. One day the sweet young girl asked me about finances. I'm so ashamed with my unworthy self that I deliberately lied to her. Further time passes. She asks me again and I lie again—the second lie is easier than the first. Then I get desperate. One night I take a shovel and a wheelbarrow and I go into the assay room for the purpose of robbing my employer in order to make good to my girl. I steal some gold bars and I bury them.'' Winters sank back into his seat, his body was bent, his head lowered, his hands clasped in front of him. Agony, despair and misery were depicted in his guilty face. The detective quietly arose, took his handcuffs and adroitly slipped them on the wrists of the cowering wretch. ''Now, Winters, do you want me for a friend or an enemy? I found the shovel with which you dug the tunnel to the vault. I found the wheelbarrow in which you removed the bullion. I'll admit I haven't yet discovered where you buried the gold, and if you confess I will do all I can to help you. You are

up against it, my man, and you better have me for a friend." Winters broke down completely. The evidence against him was hardly sufficient to convict. The man was an inexperienced criminal. Had he not confessed, a conviction would have been most unlikely, and the company would have been the loser. Winters accompanied the officer to the beach and pointed out the place where he had sunk the bullion. At low tide the officers recovered every bar that had been stolen. Winters pleaded guilty and was sentenced to fifteen years. And after serving a few years he was paroled. But Ida Frazer was dead. Her girlish heart, wounded in its trust and belief, had broken under the strain. She never completely recovered from the shock occasioned by her lover's confession. Perhaps the knowledge that had it not been for her he would never have been tempted, hastened her end. The detective in the case said, of all the crimes and criminals I've ever handled, Jack Winters was the softest and I've always thought that it was the word "hypothetical" that was responsible for breaking him down.

WHEELER—THE STRANGLER

ONE evening in the fall of 1880 a tall, handsome man giving the name of G. A. Wheeler called at the Central Police Station, and in the most matter-of-fact manner informed Captain Douglass that he had killed his sister-in-law, Della J. Tillson, at a lodging house at Number 23 Kearny street, and had hidden her body in a trunk. He brought with him a lady's white waist and some hair which he said had been torn from the woman's head.

The very straight statement made by the man, together with the strange evidence that he offered in proof of his having committed the murder, caused a general disbelief of his statement, and induced the opinion that he was crazy. However, he was placed in custody and a sergeant and two officers were dispatched to the scene and the sickening details of the terrible tale of the man were found to be true. In an ordinary traveling trunk was the dead body of a young woman, cramped up by the confines of

its strange receptacle. The features of the woman, of alabaster whiteness, were placid, and no marks of violence were discovered on her body. In searching the trunk there was found wrapped up in a skirt a child's doll, which was thought to have been the body of a child until exposed.

The officer immediately notified the coroner, and they then proceeded back to the station, and began questioning Wheeler, who made this statement to them: "My name is G. A. Wheeler, my sister-in-law is Della J. Tillson, and my wife's name is Mary E. Wheeler. From the first I have been in love with my sister-in-law, and I loved her as much as I did my wife. A few days ago my sister-in-law told me that she intended to go away with a man named George Peckham. She said that he had treated her very kindly and bought her many things and had taken her out horseback riding, and after telling me all this I became jealous of him, and tried to persuade her not to keep company with him. So this evening I went to the post office with my wife to get our mail, and when we returned home I sat down in the room with my sister-in-law, and she sat on my lap. In answer to a question she said she had just as soon that I would choke her as to take poison. So I put my left hand over her mouth and choked her to death with my right. She

didn't struggle to get away from me. She moved a little from the pain, but she had often said that she would rather die than be in that man's power, and I was ready to sacrifice my life and suffer the penalty of being hanged rather than my sister-in-law would be degraded by him. I put the body in the trunk and there it is, which you have probably seen. I never told my wife nothing of it. She was in another room."

Mrs. Wheeler, upon being interviewed, said: "My husband and I have disagreed ever since we have been married. My sister has lived with me during the past three years. I was not aware that my husband had led her astray until recently."

After being incarcerated, Wheeler said that he was willing to die for the crime, but later on he thought that he could get out of his trouble by having hereditary insanity to be the plea of his defense. During his trial the court was always thronged with spectators, and the case for the prosecution was handled by Mrs. Clara Foltz, and the defendant was represented by Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon. Expert testimony on insanity was introduced by different physicians. There was "Mania" and "Monomania" and "Dementia" and "Morsley's Work on Diseases of the Mind" introduced, and there was

"Brown's Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity" and "A Wound on the Head Does Necessarily Cause Insanity" introduced, because Wheeler had a scar behind his left ear. There was introduced a case where a sailor had murdered another sailor under the impression that the murdered man was a Russian Finn and that his presence on board the ship would bring destruction to the ship and crew. This fear was a common superstition of sailors, and one of the experts was asked if, in his opinion, this was a case of insanity.

The defense endeavored to prove a diseased condition of Wheeler's mind from the fact that he had shown no remorse for the terrible crime he had committed, and showed no emotion when describing the details of the horrible deed, and that no motive whatever was needed to explain the commission of a crime in cases where transitory mania exists. After this expert testimony, Mrs. Clara Foltz argued that Wheeler's own statement that he had made after his arrest that "rather than let Peckham have her (the murdered girl), I killed her," which proved to her mind that it was a premeditated murder and she claimed that the defendant should, in the interest of society and good government, be convicted. The jury rendered a verdict of guilty of

murder in the first degree, and Wheeler was hanged for his crime in the County Jail on Broadway street.

Another terrible crime of this same character was committed shortly after the Wheeler tragedy. An old lady by the name of Fredericka Drell, who had gained a livelihood by keeping a lodging house on Dupont street near California, had met her death from strangulation, and the surrounding circumstances showed that death was neither the result of natural causes nor self-induced.

Upon discovery of the dead body of Fredericka Drell, the detectives were immediately notified and proceeded to the premises. On a lounge, lying on her back was the dead body of the woman, and upon her breast, mourningly purring, was a little kitten that had been a pet of the old lady in her lifetime. Half a towel, moistened with water and torn lengthwise and twisted into a string, had been tied tightly around the neck of the murdered woman, in a single knot. On the pillow was a small stain of blood that oozed from her ears. Other than this, there was nothing to show that any struggle had taken place in the room. That it was a murder there was no doubt, for it was considered that it would be utterly impossible for a person of her

age to twist a towel about her neck with such force as to produce the result described.

The supposition of this cruel murder was that it was for her money and jewelry, but the police discovered this to be groundless for the reason that nothing about the premises was disturbed, and considerable jewelry was found belonging to the old lady.

The murderer had laid the body in a natural position on the sofa and smoothed the old lady's garments, and placed one of her feet over the other, probably with a view to lead anyone who might enter the room to suppose that she was asleep.

The police took into custody one Harry Baye, who was nicknamed "Lucky" from the fact that he was an inveterate poker player and generally got away with the pot. Baye occupied the back parlor of this house and it was reported that the old lady and he had some trouble about room rent, which she claimed from him. After due investigation of all the surroundings there was no evidence wherewith to question Baye with this crime, and it was never learned who the murderer was.

BLACK BART—FAMOUS STAGE ROBBER

WHEN the novelist started to relate the history of "Black Bart," the mysterious lone highwayman of California, he was anxious to imitate those writers who had secured fortune, if not fame, in telling of the bold deeds of Claude Duval and other noted robbers of the days gone by, he was encouraged, which added force to his narrative when he learned that his hero was at last taken into the toils of justice in the fall of 1883.

For nearly a decade Black Bart had evaded the authorities of the law in holding up stages on the different mountain roads of this state. He had baffled detectives, who would have deemed it the proudest event of their lives to place him behind the bars of a dungeon. But finally the fate that criminals cannot avoid overtook him—he could not conceal his identity any longer, and his capture was effected. This famous robber had not only been making San Francisco his permanent home during the whole period cov-

ered by his robberies, but had been personally acquainted with numbers of people here, none of whom ever suspected his true character. His friends always thought him to be a well known mining man about town; his departure from the city at different intervals was accounted for on the supposition that he went out to look over his different mining claims. Whenever he was in town he could always be found around the stock boards and generally dined in the New York Bakery on Kearny street near Sacramento street and there, as well as among his local acquaintances, he was known as Charles Bolton.

He was ever scrupulously clean and neat, and though he wore diamonds he was in no manner dandyish. His conversation was void of vulgarity and he never dissipated and his speech was ever civil and he treated all very cordially. His first advent in a public capacity, so to speak, was in the latter part of 1877 when he intercepted the stage from Fort Ross as it was running on the road along the Russian River, and dictated terms to the driver at the muzzle of a double barrel shotgun. There were no passengers in the stage. Having secured possession of the mail bags and the treasure box of Wells Fargo Express Co., he admonished the driver to get away in haste, which he did in a most accom-

plished manner. After rifling the treasure box which contained several hundred dollars, he wrote the following epigram on the box:

Here I lay me down to sleep
To wait the coming morrow,
Perhaps success, perhaps defeat
And everlasting sorrow.
Yet come what will, I'll try it on
My condition can't be worse,
And if there's money in that box
'Tis money in my purse.

Unlike Joaquin Muriette, the bandit of early days, or Tiburcio Vasquez of more modern times, Black Bart took no occasion through his eventful career to shed human blood. He was, in fact, more like the knight of medieval ages, who especially delighted in protecting the helpless. He was often known to assist with his ill-gotten gains, needy persons. He invariably refrained from doing damage to stage coach passengers in lining them up, and was particularly obliging to female travellers. As I have remarked that his friends always thought that his departure from the city at different times was to look over his mining claims; this was the pay ore he went after. He held up the stage running from Laporte to Oroville, the one running from Cahto to Ukiah in Mendocino county, the Weaverville

and Shasta stage, one running between Yreka and Redding, one running between Downieville and Marysville, one between Cloverdale and Lakeport. He held up the stage between Cloverdale and Ukiah and made his getaway over to Clear Lake, crossing the narrows below Kelseyville and getting into Colusa county.

There were a number of others that he held up and the last robbery that he committed was the straw that broke the camel's back. As the Sonora and Milton stage was rumbling over the mountains, he concealed his face with a flour sack, jumped from behind a thicket that skirted the roadway and commanded a halt with a presented revolver. No passengers were on the stage at the time and the driver, McConnell, was compelled to get down from his seat, unhitch the horses and drive them about fifty yards behind the conveyance. As McConnell was driving along the road he noticed a boy on the mountain side carrying a rifle, evidently hunting. McConnell beckoned the lad to come to him, which he did. Black Bart had secured his booty from the stage and was on his way with it when McConnell seized the rifle from the boy and started firing at the despoiler. In making his getaway Black Bart's hat blew off and his handkerchief fell out of his pocket. On this handkerchief was a laun-

dry mark which was ultimately the means of securing his arrest.

A search of the different laundries in this city was made and the detectives found that the mark on the handkerchief was from a laundry on Bush street. The owner of the laundry recognized his mark and referring to his books, showed that it belonged to C. E. Bolton, who occupied a room in the Webb House on Second street. Detectives lay in wait for him and he was arrested and taken to Calaveras county, where he was tried and convicted for his last robbery. Later he confessed to all the other holdups.

When he was brought back to this city, enroute to prison, the city prison was beseiged with callers to see this famous person. Asking permission from Prisonkeeper Sergeant Patrick McDonough to see him was a tall handsome lady clothed in a sealskin, her handkerchief to her eyes to stop the flow of tears. She was his landlady, who looked reproachfully at the worthy crowd, and conversed with her friend. They exchanged a few whispers together, saying the best of friends must part and so the stately landlady shed a few more tears, more heartily than the first, pressed a long lingering press upon her robber friend's hand, and left a dead and awful silence pervading the prison, only to be broken

by the prisonkeeper's quick and skillful turn of the locks that in another moment separated her from Black Bart for six years.

BECKER AND CREEGAN—BANK ROBBERS

THE prince of American penmen, Charles Becker, and his dangerously clever middleman, Jas. Creegan, were two of the most notorious counterfeiters and forgers that operated in Europe and America some years ago and for whom the American Association of Bankers, as well as Police Departments of every great city, exercised their energy to trap these pests upon the banks. They had lived off the profits of their pens in a style rivaling that of the greatest merchant princes, but their remarkable career ended when they were apprehended for raising a draft on the Crocker Woolworth Bank of this city for the sum of $22,000.

Charles Becker was considered the most dangerous forger alive and was said to be the only man in the world who possessed the secret of raising the figures on safety paper so as to escape the detection of the shrewdest eyes—his trade being that of a lithographer. He organized a score of criminal coteries and had cheated in-

stitutions not only in the great American cities, but in all the financial centers of the old world. He had forged checks upon English banks and counterfeited the notes of the Bank of France so well as to persuade accredited agents of the bank that the counterfeits were genuine.

He passed his bogus paper in Vienna, Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg and had bewildered bankers and police by his daring. He tempted men to commit crimes and had seen them go to jail without any effort on his part to save them. At one time he gathered around him four of his associates and unfolded a plan for swindling the English and European banks. The five consisted of Becker, the "scratch" man; Jimmy Creegan and Joe McClosky, the "middlemen"; and Al Dean and Joe Elliot as the "layers down." Their headquarters was at Belgrave Square, London, where they transacted their business. Becker, the artist of the combination, executed all the chemical and pen work. Their plan of operation was for one of them to go on the continent or into the provinces and buy a number of bills of exchange and sight drafts. They always bought three of these drafts, varying in amount from twelve pounds to forty-eight pounds. The paper thus purchased was taken to London and turned over to Becker. Then his peculiar talents were

brought into play. Taking one of the three drafts he would destroy it for the purpose of chemical analysis. This analysis would show the kind of ink that had been used and Becker would make an ink of the same kind. His researches would disclose the character of the pen used and he would get or make a similar pen. Finally, the analysis would give him the information of the exact chemical constituents of the paper and what chemicals could be used safely in his operations. With these facts in his possession, he would raise the two remaining drafts to the amount desired. In one instance a draft for forty-eight pounds drawn on an English house was raised to four thousand eight hundred pounds and readily cashed. A draft on the London house of the Rothschilds was raised and cashed and every large financial center of Europe was victimized by this gang. While Elliot was employed as the "layer down" in several instances, the work requiring the greatest skill and tact was intrusted to Al Dean. He was the "gentleman" of the combination, and could be trusted, as he had no small vices, and had so much self-possession and knowledge of financial and social methods as to reduce the risk of capture to a minimum. He laid in a fashionable wardrobe and went to Paris with a package of

raised drafts and considerable money. Thence with a valet and a courier he proceeded on the grand tour in the role of a wealthy gentleman bent on pleasure.

He visited the city of Budapest all dolled up in a costly astrakhan great coat, with his courier and valet along, and took lodgings commensurate with his apparent wealth. The following day he dropped into a bank and asked permission to deposit 15,000 francs, which he would draw on from time to time, as he did not carry so much money around with him. His request was acceded to willingly and then he began to spend money in the manner becoming a wealthy man. He then made up his mind that the time for his coup had come. He sent his courier with a raised draft to the banker, who cashed it without question. Dean at once left Budapest five thousand pounds richer than when he had entered it. He repeated this same performance in St. Petersburg, Vienna, Antwerp, and did not overlook any city of importance and cleared up over $600,000 in this summer campaign on the continent. When he had drawn the money he would deduct his own percentage and forward the remainder to his confederates in London.

The gang, after living in luxury with servants and couriers and carriages waiting on them,

then transferred their scene of operations, coming to America, where they again began marketing the product of Becker's pen. It was then the banks throughout the country combined their efforts to catch the unseen forger when finally information was received from a little office boy in this city which led up to the capture of the gang whose luxury ended and were greeted in the style of "the patrol wagon awaits you." It was for the check that was put over on the Crocker Woolworth Bank that brought them all to book. Dean had fitted up an office in the city and a few days later he walked into the Nevada Bank and deposited $2500, saying he wished to open a running account, and giving his business as that of a commission merchant. A few days after he drew out $400 and in another few days he drew out about $700. He then, a few days after, deposited at the bank $700 and a draft on an up-country bank. He then went up to Woodland and got a draft from the Bank of Woodland in favor of A. J. Scott and for the sum of $12, to be drawn on the Crocker Woolworth Bank. This check was then turned over to Becker, and in the consummation of his work Becker substituted the name of A. H. Dean for A. J. Scott, had raised the written amount of the note from $12 to $22,000; had raised the date of the draft from

December 9th, 1895, to December 13th, 1895, and had substituted a $22,000 punch mark in the original draft.

To accomplish this transformation of the draft required an astonishing amount of labor, directed by a high degree of dexterity. In order to alter the punch marks in the draft, the original punch marks had to be filled in. This was done by a process that rendered the filling so nearly like the body of the paper that it was almost impossible upon the closest examination to distinguish the difference. The original $12 punch marks were made with what was known as the Abbott punch. In substituting the $22,000 punch marks, Becker again showed his cleverness. He used the same kind of a punch that had been used in the first instance, thus providing against any suspicion which might arise at the bank where the draft was presented, owing to an unusual form of punch marks in a draft issued by the Bank of Woodland.

In order to change the written amount of the draft from $12 to $22,000, he erased by a chemical the letters "lve" in the world twelve and the long dash which had been drawn in ink from the world twelve to the word dollars. In place of the letters "lve" he wrote the letters "nty" and in the space following he wrote the words

"two thousand" so that the draft read in its altered form, "Twenty-two thousand dollars." Thus the substituted punch mark, the substituted written amount, together with the raised date and the name A. H. Dean in place of that of A. J. Scott made up the draft by which the dexterous criminal succeeded in swindling the Nevada Bank out of $22,000. Dean took this draft and deposited it with the Nevada Bank, which was credited to his account, and on that same day he drew upon his account for $2,200. Then on the following day he came into the bank and drew out $20,000 in gold and silver coins in four bags containing $5,000 each. Upon the day following this withdrawal the $22,000 draft was sent to the clearing house by the Nevada Bank stamped for payment. The draft was taken up by the Crocker Woolworth National Bank and paid. The draft was sent by the Crocker Bank to the Bank of Woodland, and upon its receipt the draft was pronounced a forgery. The Crocker Bank was notified and the correspondence which followed between the two banks discovered the fact that a man came into the Bank of Woodland and drew a draft upon the Crocker Woolworth National Bank of this city for $12, payable to A. J. Scott. It was also discovered that a man answering the description of the man who

had drawn the draft registered at a Woodland hotel as A. J. Scott. This much known, the bank officials became convinced that a clever forgery had been perpetrated upon them. The $22,000 draft was subjected to an expert examination. That examination disclosed one of the most skillfully wrought pieces of forgery that had ever come under the notice of those in this city who had years of experience with forgers and their work.

The police at once were put on the track and entered Dean's office, where they found a large amount of printed stationery, bill heads, letter heads, and the like. They were all printed in the name of A. H. Dean, commission merchant. There was also found an account book of the Nevada Bank indorsed to the name of A. H. Dean, also deposit slips and a check book on the Nevada Bank, and a copy of the bankers' almanac. With all this evidence in his possession, Captain Lees got a description of the man Dean from the office boy, who told the whole story. This little boy said that he went with Dean to a store on Market street, where Dean bought a grip sack. From there they went to the Nevada stables on Market street, where Dean hired a horse and buggy for three hours. He and the boy then drove down to the Pine street entrance to the Nevada Bank.

Dean took the grip sack into the bank, and on coming out again the boy noticed the great weight contained in the grip sack. Dean reached the buggy with the sack and placed it on top of one of the wheels, but was unable to lift it into the buggy and was assisted by the boy. After getting the sack into the buggy, Dean and the boy drove to Valencia and Twenty-fifth streets, where Dean alighted from the buggy and took the sack and placed it on the sidewalk. He directed the boy's attention to a nearby house and said it was there where he lived and he told the boy to drive away about town wherever he wished until the three hours for which the buggy had been hired had expired, telling the boy also that he would return to the office in a day or two and that was the last seen of Dean in the city.

Captain Lees sent out descriptions of Dean and he was picked up by the Pinkertons in Minneapolis, Minn., and brought to the city, and after being grilled he turned state's evidence on the gang. Becker and Creegan were captured later by the Pinkertons back in New Jersey and brought to this city, and were tried and convicted for raising the draft on the Crocker Woolworth Bank and were sentenced to San Quentin.

LITTLE PETE, "FAMOUS CHINAMAN"

FONG CHING, or "Little Pete," as he was better known, was unquestionably the cleverest Chinaman on the Pacific Coast, and probably in the United States. He was a born organizer, and was full of schemes and deviltry. This famous Mongolian whom I knew very well, was endowed with unusual intellectual powers; fearless and unscrupulous, he became a leader, at once respected and feared. As a shrewd Mongolian, very well educated in the English language, he entered the battle for money without any restraint of conscience, though he bore the reputation of being steadfast to his friends. He instigated Chinese murders, imported women, ran gambling games, swindled people at the races in a way that white men would never undertake.

He came to this shore when about five years of age from China, and first started in to make his fortune as an errand boy in a shoe factory on Sacramento street. He was a very quick and apt "Chinese kid." While an errand boy he showed

the mettle of ambition by going to night school. It was a singular fact that while he spoke his native tongue fluently, he could not read nor write a word of Chinese, except his own name. His aptitude and affability made him friends. He was probably the best known Chinaman in San Francisco. He seemed to have a peculiar faculty for making friends among white people.

Having graduated from the errand boy state, he next became a broker in the customs business. He landed a large amount of goods for the merchants, and also accelerated the landing of Chinese in this city, thereby considerably swelling the population of Chinatown. While yet only a boy, he was looked to for legal and general advice by the Chinese. Later, having made considerable money in the brokerage business, he went into the business of shoe manufacturing on his own account, and at the time of his death was one of the largest shoemakers in San Francisco, bearing the name of F. C. Peters & Co. He also held the controlling interest in several merchandise stores, and the Chinese Theatre. His first escapade which brought him prominently to public notice was when he was arrested for bribery in connection with the killing of Lee Chunk as a result of a feud between two tong societies, he being a member of one of them, for

which he did time.

His career on the turf as a plunger was as weird as it was meteoric. Entering the portals of the Bay District racecourse a mild, meek-looking Celestial, with no more knowledge of the horseracing game than a person had of faro, it was not long before he had under his control some of the jockeys, and it created a great sensation in the racing world. It was common gossip about the track that certain jockeys were frequent visitors to Pete's Shoe Factory in Chinatown; a mention of which only caused a few smiles and knowing winks among the trainers and swipes. It was not long after that there were some very suspicious looking races, and invariably Pete held tickets on the winning horses. One of these jockeys became the confidential friend and adviser of Pete in all things appertaining to turf affairs. Pete always was in the habit of backing the horses heavily that were ridden by this jockey, and invariably cashed his tickets. There was much talk about the "dead ones" finishing behind the winner; but the judges saw not, and Pete was growing rich daily.

The season progressed and Little Pete present daily on the track, was often observed looking over the form book of the races run which he always carried in his blouse. Then a trip to the

saddling paddock, a chat with a jockey or two and Little Pete's commissioners would be seen skirmishing about the ring placing his coin. Tales of monster winnings made by this little Celestial plunger were told, to which Pete would reply that "he backed two or three horses in the race and only won a trifle." One day the talent in general backed a horse called Wheel of Fortune, who was looked upon as a certainty. Little Pete strung his coin on the chances of a horse called Rosebud, and strangely enough the judgment of the little man from Chinatown proved superior to that of Caucasian racegoers of many years' experience; the jockey who rode Wheel of Fortune on this occasion was viewed with suspicion by many, but no action was taken in the matter by the officials in the judges' stand.

As the meeting dragged through the winter months and merged into spring, elated at his success, Pete engaged in a book-making venture. At this he was only partially successful, as it was whispered about that one or two horses laid up with his book, supposedly "dead ones," were resuscitated, and the book lost heavily. On top of this came a rumor of a rupture between Pete and his trusted jockey. The cause of this was, it was said, jealousy on the part of the jockey—that other jockeys who were getting better

mounts were usurping his place in the good graces of the plunger from the Flowery Kingdom. Soon after this, matters came to a focus, and the racing world was treated to a startling surprise. A meeting was called by the board of stewards of the California Jockey Club and several jockeys were summoned before them and closely questioned on some very suspicious looking riding that had been viewed from the stand. Murder will out, and it was claimed that Pete's trusted jockey, on the promise of a lenient sentence, let the cat out of the bag, and the Chinese Confederacy was a thing of the past. At any rate, much silence was observed as to how the information was gleaned. After a searching inquiry, two of the jockeys were ruled off the turf for life, and Pete was also warned off the turf.

Many tales of wondrous winnings were told about the little yellow man, but as he was of a secretive turn of mind, they were never verified, and how much he added to his wealth during his open career on the turf was probably never known. That he became a fiend for the game is certain, for even after being ruled off, he sent money to the track to be played on certain horses. This famous little Chinaman, who possessed powerful influence at that time, began to make himself very unpopular with the See Yup So-

ciety, who were bitterly opposed to the Sam Yups, the society of which Little Pete was the ruler. The See Yups, strong in their numerical position chafed under the yoke of Sam Yups, and it was the old story of the boycott, with more horrors. Murder after murder had been committed until the wealthy Chinese had mostly withdrawn their capital from the channels of commerce, leaving the See Yups and their new establishments in power.

Almost alone Little Pete braved the opposition. Guarded day and night by Chinese gunmen and a white man, Pete nursed himself into a feeling of security. He became reckless to the extent of going forth alone at times, chaffing his guards, saying that "there was no danger that anyone would try to molest him." But Pete went out alone once too often. He was watched by his assassins and most cruelly put to death when he was found to be unprotected. He ventured to a barber shop without his bodyguards and his vigilant pursuers did their deadly work. Two assassins sprang into the barber shop while he was in the barber's chair and shot him dead, and the "brainiest of the Sam Yup men" saluted his ancestors in true Chinese fashion. Storm and strife began to brew and his friends were worked up to blood fever over the loss of their leader and more

murders were expected in Chinatown at any moment. Highbinders started to town from the interior, to avenge the death of their comrade, and intense excitement prevailed. Chief Crowley detailed Sergeant Jesse Cook, "whom the highbinders dreaded," to proceed there with a posse and he ploughed into the haunts and dens of the highbinders, so that their departure out of town was very sudden and conditions were soon back to normalcy.

The funeral of Little Pete was one of the largest that was ever seen in this city and formed the occasion of a heathen holiday, and his greatness was testified to by a funeral about a mile long. To the matter-of-fact native, a Chinese funeral with its color and incense and chanting, is always interesting, but the interest attached to Little Pete himself, and his killing, being added in this instance, made it a gala day in Chinatown. All the night before in front of his shoe factory where his body lay, there was going-on in the street, the clanging of cymbals, the burning of punk, incantations and the offering to the gods of fruits and meats and drinks. In the ovens and bakeshops of the neighborhood, great preparations were going forward for unheard of quantities of pastry, ducks and chicken, to be prepared for the appeasing of the appetites of

the gods, and their consequent propitiation in behalf of the very unsavory record of Little Pete.

Banked around the casket were profusions of flowers of costly designs and men dressed in blue and white gowns, stood there as sentinels. Then the funeral started out; the hearse was drawn by six white horses caparisoned in black trappings, with brass bands playing funeral dirges together with the mourners, noisy in their lamentations, and beseeching the Chinese Pluto, to be merciful to the spirit of the dead man, and they moved away from the house. It was cleared of all evil spirits that came with the death, by the explosion of firecrackers.

The road leading to the cemetery was darkened for a mile by the people who followed the slow procession. They came by street cars and bikes and by private conveyances, and when the hearse drew up at the gate, the platform for the casket and the mourners had already been preempted. At one end of the platform was an immense table, and upon this was spread decorated roast pigs and sheep and drakes and ducks, together with trays of rice and flagons of gin and tea, that weighed down several wagons in their transportation.

After the ceremonies were over, then came

the most remarkable scene of all—the crowd made a rush for the table, for souvenirs, and in a few minutes the table was swept clear of the more portable things.

THE MURDER OF MAMIE KELLY

PROBABLY no crime excited so much intensity in this city as the tragedy which occurred here some years ago when a thirteen-year-old girl returning from school was shot down by a young man in the street. It caused a shudder of horror to vibrate through every household. It was the all-absorbing topic of conversation throughout the community and the daily papers containing the account of this tragedy caused many a breakfast to grow cold from inattention while the terrible details were mentally devoured, and fathers and mothers, as they kissed their young daughters goodbye on their way to school, involuntarily shuddered at the thought that their darlings might meet the fate of Mamie Kelly. Immediately after this tragedy a young man walked hurriedly into the new City Hall police station and excitedly exclaimed: "Well, I've done it, lock me up. Killed my girl. That's what I've done." The speaker was a dark complexioned, beardless youth. His face might be con-

sidered handsome if it did not possess a certain cynical and sneering twist. The youth was evidently in dead earnest and the Sergeant of the prison complied with his request. The youth gave his name as Alexander Goldenson.

In the meantime, a wild scene of confusion was presented on the corner of Ash avenue and Polk street, which was just a block west of the new City Hall. In front of a store on the northeast corner, a young girl lay in the throes of death. A stream of blood poured out from a bullet wound immediately over her right eye, and already had formed a muddy course down the sloping sidewalk to the gutter. Her wide-brimmed straw hat, with a dash of red ribbon wound around it, her wicker-work lunch basket and her school books lay scattered about where they had dropped as she had fallen. A few tenderly took hold of her to lift her into a house nearby, but as they did so a convulsive tremor passed over her frame and she was dead. A half hour later the morgue wagon drove through the immense crowds that flocked the streets, and the body of the child was borne away. For a fact, she was but a child. Her name was Mamie Kelly and she was thirteen years of age and had just left the John Swett Grammar school, and started for her home in Hayes street. She was a pupil in the

fourth grade. One of her classmates accompanied her. As she passed along Polk street a young man appeared upon the other side of the street and crossed over. Her companion, observing her new company, passed on and Mamie stopped to speak with the young man, who was Alexander Goldenson. What passed between them could alone be known by the two. A few minutes later, however, the report of a firearm attracted the attention of several persons in the vicinity. A man driving a laundry wagon along Polk street was directly opposite the couple when he heard the report. Looking down the street he saw a young man with a pistol in his hand turning the corner and he leaped from his wagon and started in pursuit, chasing Goldenson into the City Hall grounds and through the door of the police station. Goldenson threw the gun in the grass outside of the station, which was recovered later.

Mamie Kelly, the dead girl, had just reached her thirteenth birthday and her slayer was 18 years of age. Mamie was a pretty little girl, rather large for her age. As she lay upon a marble slab in the morgue she presented a tiny, child-like appearance. Her brown hair, in schoolgirl fashion, was pushed back by a circular comb and fell in a large braid over her shoulder, her dress was red in color and she wore a check

apron. She had lived with her aged grandmother, mother, aunt and granduncle on Hayes street. About seven years previous, Mamie's father, John Kelly, died. Her mother had never married again, not because there had not been suitors for her hand, but because, it was stated, she feared that a new husband might not be a kind father to Mamie. So she went out into service and secured employment as a cook in a family, where she had toiled for six years, her earnings, with those of her unmarried sister, supporting her mother, half blind uncle, and Mamie. Her sun rose and set in this, her only child. Next door to the flat occupied by Mrs. Kelly, and separated only by a partition, was the home of Marcus Goldenson, a contractor, of whom Alexander was the second of three sons.

The excitement caused by the murder of Mamie Kelly brought loud and angry demands for the exercise of lynch law, which immediately called for the interposition of the police in the interests of law and order. Mass meetings were held in the Metropolitan Temple, and addresses from the steps of the Mint, on Fifth street. Thousands of people assembled at these places, and the wildest excitement prevailed. Then a march was made to the county jail on Broadway street, where Goldenson was imprisoned, and

the combined mass of several thousands was continually augmented as it progressed toward the jail. In the meantime, the police, under command of Captain Douglass and Sergeant Birdsall, had formed a cordon surrounding the jail. There were numbers of men climbed onto the roofs of buildings in Hinckley Alley and commenced loosening the bricks from the chimneys thereon, and soon there were showers of bricks in the air which would remind a person of confetti on a New Year's Eve. Then the police, with their riot clubs, made one rush at the crowd and scattered them in all directions and had the situation well in hand. Many of the officers were injured by stones, but they made light of their cuts and bruises, and kept ploughing in till they had the entire area cleared and with the gore showing up in all directions. After the battle there were numerous applications to the receiving hospital for bandages, arnica, and the removal of hen's eggs from scalps.

During the wild disturbance an excited individual climbed up on a porch in front of a Fandango House opposite the jail and waving his right hand aloft, he began to orate: "My name is Pat McCann," and he started to arouse the crowd by the power of his burning words, saying, "I'll lead you all," and as he was adding

more power to his oration with a vehemence, he met with a swat from a stick and the police put Pat in the can. When he was questioned as to his being charged with inciting riot, he said: "Sure, I was only acting the part of a pacifist." Later on, Goldenson was tried for the murder of this little girl and convicted, and Judge Murphy pronounced upon him the extreme penalty of the law.

CAREER OF SIR HARRY WESTWOOD COOPER

DR. ERNEST EDWARD MOORE CHADWICK, alias Sir Harry Westwood Cooper, and a great variety of other names, was known as one of the most vicious criminals that made his appearance in this state many years ago, being charged with forgery, bigamy and many other crimes. Previous to his coming to this state, he operated long and extensively in Australian and eastern cities. His methods of obtaining money under false pretenses were marvelous in their ingenuity. The Bankers' Association of the United States had detectives everywhere on his trail. A fictitious title and an aristocratic air enabled him to pose successfully as a gentleman of means. His wanderings brought him to San Francisco, where, after perpetrating a half dozen swindles, he was captured for attempting to pass a draft upon the Crocker Woolworth Bank of this city, for which he was given a three-year

sentence. During his trial several women, each of whom claimed to be his wife, were heard from, and it was generally expected that upon being liberated from prison he would be arrested and charged with bigamy.

While serving his term he was known as an incorrigible and was the leader of several plots to escape. He was for a time kept in solitary confinement, yet he had managed to communicate with desperate convicts on the outside by a telegraphic signal code of raps. When his time was up and upon leaving the prison, he was extremely nervous, his gaze shifting from point to point, fearing that he might be confronted with a warrant to prevent him regaining his freedom. "This will be a lesson to me," he said. "If I ever get out of this, I shall get into no more trouble."

The next heard of him was when he obtained a position as a waiter in a hotel up at Crockett, Calif. Hardly a week had passed when he met a pretty girl named Nora Schneider, and from that moment seemingly, dated his purpose to woo and win her. Being educated as a physician, and a fraternal society member, gave him a chance to rise and resume the position of a professional man. In a fortnight he was assisting in the practice of a Port Costa physician. Directly thereafter he posed as a capitalist, as the possessor of

money in hand and the heir to a large estate of an aunt in England. Then he felt qualified to pay his addresses to pretty Nora, and as many another girl has done, she listened to his ardent words and looked upon him as a desirable suitor. Sir Harry was not slow to see his advantage; like Claude Melinot, he promised jewels, costly apparel, a handsome home and luxury. In due time the parents sent out notices of the engagement of their daughter to Sir Harry. Then followed a momentous visit to San Francisco, when he took her and her mother to select the girl's trousseau. None but the costliest fabrics would do. The pretty country girl must be garbed like a queen to suit the esthetic taste of this princely purchaser. A bill of goods amounting to $700.00 was ordered. On her engagement finger a diamond ring glittered. He ordered for her a diamond tiara to cost $1500.00 and diamond earrings costing $400.00.

Was ever a young and innocent country girl given a better opportunity to be dazzled. Furniture galore was ordered. A fine settlement would Nora have—$20,000.00, at least. Sir Harry had an attorney draw up a prenuptial settlement giving her $20,000.00 in her own right and the attorney was instructed to find a location in Oakland, Calif., upon which to erect a mansion. At

the same time, to provide for the present emergencies, pending the payment of the coming $155,000.00, the amount of the legacy from his deceased aunt, the attorney drew, by instruction, papers to effect the transfer of the lucrative practice of a certain country physician to Sir Harry. So far the course of love had run smoothly for Nora. As an assurance of the reality of his coming wealth, Harry presented to his prospective father-in-law and mother-in-law, a document which bore a gilt seal and covered over with several official-looking stamps, and the document read as follows:

"The High Court of Chancery in its probate jurisdiction: The estate of the late Eliza Adelaide Chadwick, widow, deceased—All to whom these presents shall come, greeting: Whereas, on the 24th day of November, in the year 1900, at Stockwell Park Road, London, E. C., Eliza Adelaide Chadwick died, and by virtue of an instrument in writing executed by her, the said Eliza Adelaide Chadwick, opened and read by Edward Patrick Hayden, a barrister of Grays Building, Strand, London, and Mrs. Edith Adelaide Oliver, now of Stockwell Road, London, E. C., executors of the aforementioned instrument; Ernest Moore Chadwick, a physician and surgeon of San Francisco, Calif., was named as heir at law in

the said instrument, it being the last will and testament. The aforesaid Ernest Moore Chadwick was bequeathed the sum of thirty-one thousand pounds sterling in gold and lawful coin of Great Britain. And it has been decreed that the petition of the executors be granted and final distribution of said estate be made. These are therefore to command you, the said Ernest Moore Chadwick, to appear in person or by your attorney or counsel to receive the sum of thirty-one thousand pounds sterling, the sum being your share of the estate, by virtue of the aforesaid will.

"Given under my hand and seal at Somerset House, London, E. C.

"JAMES BOWMAN,
"Probate Judge."

Shortly after, Nora's mother asked Chadwick why was he so hasty to marry her girl, because he had known her only a few weeks. He replied with a flood of the most ardent declarations. Then Nora's parents became suspicious that all might not be right after all. They immediately came to this city and sought the services of an attorney, who advised that cablegrams of inquiry be sent to London, and the result did not disprove his judgment. The first answer received was:

"London, Feb. 22, 1901 — Eliza Adelaide Chadwick. No such case in the Registry.

(Signed) Probate Registry, London."

Another cablegram was received stating:

"No St. James Road, Blackfriars. No name Patrick Hayden, either barrister or solicitor, in Directory."

Mr. and Mrs. Schneider, sorry to dash the hopes of their daughter, but unwilling to have an engagement continue under these circumstances, gave Nora to understand that her dream was over. The same night she returned her diamond ring and other gifts. Nevertheless, she was married to Chadwick the succeeding night. Concerning the event and immediately preceding it, Mrs. Schneider told the following story: "My husband and I came down to the city and went to see our attorney. Chadwick had come in the same train and entered the building before we did. He met us and told us there was a mistake, that the attorney had telegraphed to the wrong court, and that he, Chadwick, would send a cablegram and get an answer showing that it was all right as he had represented. We were together during the day after that. He said he wanted the diamond ring, which he had left in Crockett, Calif., for some reason, and he would go up there and get it, returning on the next

train. After he had gone, I felt uneasy, so went down to the foot of Market street to meet him when he returned. The train he should have come on was late, and when it came in I found he was not there. In the meantime, our train to Crockett had gone. Chadwick married our daughter in this way: He took a forged telegram which he signed with our names, to Nora, telling her we wished her to marry Chadwick at once. At that she was very happy. She kissed her grandmother and two sisters and went out with Chadwick and was married that night by the Rev. Mr. Travis in Crockett.'' The next morning they ate breakfast at Dr. Riley's house at Port Costa. Dr. Riley had taken him in as a partner. It was then afterwards learned that Chadwick began his operations in San Francisco at the Donahue-Kelly Bank some time before. According to the statements at the bank, Chadwick called there with a draft for $1,000.00 from the New Zealand Bank on New York. He was allowed to deposit this and received a pass book, with the understanding he would not check against it until the genuineness of the draft had been ascertained.

A few days later a check for $250.00 came in from A. Andrews, for a diamond ring. That was paid. After that there was a continual succession of checks from people to whom they were

given by Chadwick. Some were for goods, some were for money. A number came from Crockett, others from San Francisco. In the aggregate, they amounted to thousands of dollars. The bank refused to pay any of them. Then telegraph lines to the east, north and south carried the name and a description of Sir Harry Westwood Cooper, alias Chadwick, all 'round rogue, beguiler of innocent maidens, and ex-convict, with a request that he be apprehended wherever found, and held until he could be returned here. He was arrested in Ogden on a telegram from the police of San Francisco, charging him with forgery; his wife was with him at the time of his arrest, and as the jailer took Cooper to lock him up, he turned to kiss her, but she spurned him. She said that she did not want anything more to do with him and she was anxious to return to California.

"I cannot love a man who has deceived me," she said, "and I want to go home to my mother," and she returned to California. Nora's mother immediately consulted an attorney with the result that it was decided to have the necessary papers served on the notorious swindler as soon as he reached the city to the end that the courts would nullify the marriage. Arriving in this city at that time was a woman named Miss Bertha

Young, who was married to Sir Harry in Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. She was a tall, pretty girl with brown eyes and dimpled cheeks. The story she told of how Cooper wooed and won her was in many particulars like the sad experience of Nora Schneider.

When Sir Harry met Miss Young he was posing as a poor physician at Brisbane. Little by little he built around himself a tale in which he figured as a hero who had fallen heir to an English estate that gradually grew from 2,000 to 18,000 pounds sterling. After Cooper married Miss Young, he managed to borrow 400 pounds from her aunt in Melbourne and then went with his bride and her little brother to England, and then to Toronto, Canada, where he deserted them. In the meantime, the mother of Bertha also arrived in the city and with two wives and two mothers-in-law, Sir Harry found himself in an awful predicament. Miss Young produced a paper showing that they were married by a minister at his residence in Harcourt street, Brisbane. The groom recorded himself as Henry Irving Lewellyn Cooper, a medical student, a bachelor, 27, native of Dublin, Ireland. His father's name was given as Henry Westwood Cooper, Baronet, and his occupation, surgeon in the Royal Navy. The bride was aged 18 and the

daughter of a drover. The certificate was signed by the contracting parties and the witnesses were the bride's mother and the minister's wife.

Another paper indicated that Cooper's system of securing the confidence of his victims was much the same in Australia as elsewhere. It was a printed bulletin entitled "Special Gazette" in large type. It purported to have been issued by the Royal College of Surgeons, and to describe an operation performed by H. W. Cooper at the Toronto General Hospital. It proceeded that the case was of such a grave and complicated nature that the visiting and residing staff were afraid to perform the operation. Then Cooper appeared on the scene and notified the physicians that their treatment of the case was all wrong. To their astonishment, he then performed successfully one of the greatest operations ever known in Toronto, removing a five and one-half pound tumor. He is described as a graduate of Christ's Church College, Oxford, England, "who was an extremely clever student, being graduated at the age of 17." He was also a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and the son of Sir Harry Cooper, Bart. The bulletin concludes: "He sailed for Australia, where he won fame as a specialist for women." This was one of the many papers that Cooper displayed to ingratiate himself with

his victims. He also had some official papers from the Probate Court of London ordering sums of money paid to him on account of legacies from fictitious relatives.

He was a unique study in criminology and in a class by himself. Suave, interesting, educated, possessed of a nerve that experience made strong and sure of its footing, it was not hard to understand how he got to the purses of unwary men and the hearts of unsuspecting maidens. But, clever as he was in the ways of crime, he was caught up at last and found himself inside the prison bars.

When Sir Harry was asked to show cause why sentence should not be passed, he stated that he merely requested that the usual rebuke administered to felons upon being committed to prison be omitted in his case. The court replied that a judge was but the servant of the people, and that it was but right that comment should be made. Judge Lawler reviewed the checkered and interesting career of the prisoner, censuring him in the most bitter terms as follows: "It was by means of the forged message to the parents of Nora Schneider which forms the basis for the charge, that the marriage ceremony between the defendant and this young woman was brought about. The message in question purported to

give the consent of the mother of the girl to the marriage, and this expedient was resorted to by the defendant because an inquiry instituted for the purpose of verifying his representations concerning himself disclosed that he was a sham and a fraud. He exhibited as little concern in giving testimony which reeked with perjury, as he did in using his arts and blandishments in bringing about the discomfiture and humiliation of a respected and contented family. As a witness, he shocked the moral sense of all who heard him and exhibited a depravity as pronounced as it was rare. The place for this defendant is behind prison bars. His freedom in any country is a menace to its tranquility and a danger to the best interests of society."

Judge Lawler then said: "The maximum penalty for this offense is five years in the state prison. Under the law governing increased punishment, the former conviction brings the maximum punishment to ten years and it is the judgment of the law that you be confined in the state prison at San Quentin for ten years."

(The case was appealed.)

It has been said often that if criminals of the more intellectual classes would spend half the energy in honest industry that they spend in designing and perfecting crime they might be hon-

ored and well-to-do instead of hunted, miserable and much of the time in prison.

No better example of the perversity of the criminal intellect is needed than the case of Harry Westwood Cooper. He had the criminal kink in his brain, and an honest life, however prosperous, was insufferably tedious to him. Within a month he had spread a story of the death of an English relative who had left him sole legatee of a rich fortune; had borrowed money from numbers of people, and when he had gotten all he could, he eloped with the innocent young girl at Crockett. He did not love this girl any more than he did Bertha Young, for if he did, he would not have spoiled their lives. As a pastime, while he was fleecing men and to gratify his vanity, he led these women from their homes and clouded their lives. He must have had in mind that his infamous conduct towards these young women who loved him would insure him the full penalty of the law should he be caught and convicted of his swindling, but reckless and foolish daring is a characteristic of the criminal mentality. After being confined in the county jail for some time, pending appeal, Sir Harry was a bridegroom again, and once more his penchant for matrimony had been indulged in. He was married in the Broadway jail to his sixth known

wife. He was married quite unbeknownst to his jailors and the authorities—married right under their noses, without arousing their suspicions. In the most novel and original manner he achieved an elopement so far as it was possible for a man locked in a prison cell to achieve an elopement. Locked fast in jail, it was generally supposed that his polygamous tendencies were curbed; but with him the marrying habit was second nature, so in spite of the fact that he was in jail and the dismal prospects of his future, he found one more woman willing to marry him. She was a missionary and her name was Van Velden, a worker in a gospel mission, and it was in the prosecution of her work of soul-saving in the jail that she met Sir Harry and the courtship was carried on in the jail while the lady in the case was presumably leading Sir Harry into the straight and narrow path leading to salvation. She had a permit to visit Sir Harry in the name of Mrs. Van Velden and it was through this permit that the marriage leaked out, for when she called again to make her customary visit, she presented a permit with the name of Van Velden erased and Mrs. Ernest Moore Chadwick inserted in its stead. The chief jailer asked about this change. "I am now," said the lady, with downcast eyes and becoming humility, not un-

mingled with satisfaction, "Mr. Chadwick's wife." The chief jailer gasped and said: "How did this happen?" "Why," said the missionary lady, with explanatory meekness, "we were married in jail on Sunday when we were making our visit to the prisoners."

The missionary lady bride-elect had attended to all the business part of marrying. She had gone to the city hall and gotten the license, giving the groom's name as Ernest M. Chadwick, his age as 34 and his residence 1759 Mission street, the same as hers. The following Sunday when the missionaries were admitted to prison to sing their songs and distribute their tracts to the prisoners, the marriage ceremony was gone through with. Cooper was not released from his cell and while the missionaries were making their rounds a stop was made in front of the cell and right under the unsuspecting eyes of the guard the prisoner and the missionary lady were made one in double-quick time. To the naked eye there appeared nothing unusual in the stop. Hand shaking is always customary. Cooper put his hand through the bars; his wife grasped it. The Rev. Mr. Montgomery asked without any unnecessary delay: "Will you take this man to be your wedded husband? Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" The interested

parties quickly assented and the thing was done for better or worse. Cooper then announced that he was going to devote his life to the saving of souls, to the work of a missionary beside his wife. He said that he had been living a new life for seven months previous to this and he knew that they were going to be married, but it happened all of a sudden. Cooper, with his usual disregard of detail in marrying, didn't know whether the minister who married them was ordained, and he didn't know if there was going to be a marriage certificate or not.

The wife, upon being questioned, had nothing to say about the wedding and she kept well out of sight, and her mother, when asked of her whereabouts, was excusing her, with subterfuge bordering close upon the infraction of a commandment and with a decidedly acid manner, to all comers.

In an interview with Chadwick again, he said he did not come from Australia, but was born in London. He grew up in the English public schools and was sent to a medical college after a preparatory course. After his graduation, he drifted out into the world and spent most of his time on the western hemisphere. He told of his being reformed in jail and spoke of his matrimonial venture there. "I met my dear wife

while she was doing missionary work in the jail and I learned to love her and I feel that I shall not serve a day in any state prison, and when I am released my wife and I will continue in the service of saving souls."

Mrs. Chadwick, upon being questioned, said that her husband, who was a minister, had died. "We were engaged in the service together and it often became my duty to preach in the absence of my husband. I met Mr. Chadwick while I was engaged in missionary work at the Broadway jail, and after he was saved, he rendered me service by saving other unfortunate souls there. He was endowed with splendid abilities."

It developed later, according to medical testimony, that Sir Harry had a migratory heart. No doubt that meant that each of his numerous marriages were made in good faith; that he honestly intended to settle down and be a good husband, and that he failed solely because his vagrant heart insisted on wandering. It wouldn't stay put. Sometimes it slipped over to the right side, but even then it was on the wrong side. No matter what Sir Harry said, he had to follow his heart, which he said was wrong from birth and he should not be held responsible. Not only was the rebellious organ migratory, but it was enlarged, which accounted for his promise to settle

large estates on his brides and consequently he looked confidently to being acquitted.

Then Sir Harry appeared for trial and was called as a witness against himself, charged with having sent a forged telegram. Norine Schneider, in the meantime, married a man named Kelly, who prior to her second marriage, was the wife of Cooper, and had made a deposition against Sir Harry so that the prosecution was very eager to introduce this testimony. Cooper contended that although the marriage had been annulled, there was an appeal still pending and therefore the witness must still be regarded legally as the defendant's wife, although she had since married Mr. Kelly. The District Attorney opposed this contention and won his point, so that the deposition was accepted in evidence and submitted to the jury. The telegram alleged to be a forgery was that which Nora Kelly received, and which, according to the charges made, induced her to marry Sir Harry. Then Sir Harry was asked, "Where do you reside?" "I live at 618 Broadway," was the reply, he giving the street address of the county jail, which seemed clever in him. "Do you expect to make that your permanent address?" Mr. Byungton dryly asked. "No, sir," cheerfully answered the witness. "Were you married to Nora Schneider

at Crockett?" the District Attorney inquired. "I was." "Has that marriage ever been annulled?" "Not to my knowledge." "Were you married to Ida Maude Campaign previous to your marriage to Nora Schneider?" "I decline to answer on the ground that it might tend to incriminate and degrade me." "Were you married to Bertha Young, previous to your marriage to Nora Schneider?" "I decline to answer on the ground that it might tend to incriminate and degrade me." "Were you married to Therese Van Velden in the San Francisco county jail?" "I decline to answer on the ground that it might tend to incriminate and degrade me." Thus to all such questions concerning his matrimonial adventures, answered Sir Harry Cooper. Employees at the county jail testified that the prisoner was married as alleged to Norine Schneider and her deposition was then read, telling that by the deception of the bogus telegram she was induced to marry the bogus Sir Harry.

After fighting for nearly five years, during all of which time he remained in the county jail in the hope of the repeal of a ten-year penitentiary sentence, the District Court of Appeals refused a new trial and recommended that the District Attorney withdraw the forgery charge pending against him and permit the sentence on

the perjury charge to become operative. So Sir Harry's career had been a spectacular series of passage from cell to cell, under various flags. He was then about 35 years of age and claimed to have been born in Dublin and passed most of the time as the son of Sir Ashley Cooper.

He migrated to Australia in his youth, was imprisoned there for irregular practice of medicine and obtaining of money under false pretenses, and when his sentence expired in that colony, he came over into Canada and married a girl named Maude Campaign, whom he took to Chicago, where he neglected her to make love to their landlady. He then got hold of the landlady's money and brought Maude to San Francisco, and was preparing to elope with a chambermaid of the Hotel Langham, where they were living, when he was arrested for issuing a fraudulent draft on the bank of New South Wales, for which he received three years.

Another incident happened during his sojourn in the county jail here. He committed an offense for the purpose of getting out of jail. He had forged the name of a Superior Judge to orders permitting him to leave the jail in the company of a deputy sheriff. These orders were drawn up in an unimpeachable legal form, but the signatures upon them were not the signature

of the judge and they did not bear the least resemblance to the judge's handwriting. They were clumsy forgeries bearing unmistakable likeness to the handwriting of Sir Harry himself.

On one occasion Cooper presented to the superintendent of the jail an order purporting to come from Judge Troutt, permitting him temporary freedom. The superintendent forwarded the order to the Sheriff, who, seeing the putative signature of Judge Troutt, returned it with his O.K., and Chadwick enjoyed the privilege of leaving the jail. Then the police became aware of this and an investigation established the fact that the court order was a forgery. Judge Troutt then declared he had never signed any order and Detective Bunner was detailed to ascertain how Cooper had secured these orders, which, upon investigation, would result in more charges of forgery. His fatal facility with a pen had again entangled him into the meshes of the law and for a time it looked as though he never would get out of jail. However, his cleverness ended him up over in the big house, and the last that was heard of him after serving these terms, he made his way through the country, arriving in England, where he uttered bankers' vouchers at Bournemouth, England, in 1925 and received a sentence of seven years.

THE DUEL IN CALIFORNIA

NO RECORD of the very early days of California could be complete without mentioning the energy and enterprise of the early pioneers who gave it a place in the sisterhood of States, and a name and a fame that is now world-wide. Their spirit of adventure found an unlimited field for glorious achievement. Full of youthful energy and hope, they sought this then unknown country, prepared for whatever of hazard or danger there might be, severed from old associations, living a new, strange and almost law-free life. They learned to depend upon themselves and upon each other.

The comradeship of men supplied the place, for the time, of the more sympathetic relationship of home. The early pioneers had no conception of the agricultural resources and advantages of the country in which their lot was cast. Their coming was an adventure, a speculation.

California then lay with virgin purity in the graceful composure of healthful sleep, unpro-

faned by the pick of the miner and unscarred by the plow of the farmer. They inaugurated the work, the fruits of which we all enjoy today. Years have passed since the coming of the first pioneer, but throughout the lapse of time, in all the turmoil and strife of an ever-busy and exciting life, the fame of California's early pioneers is always a grateful remembrance, and still fresh and green are the chaplets which we weave to their memory. Perhaps no feature of California's early history was more thrilling than that presented by the lives and exploits of the lawless and reckless men who made their living on the highway. Their histories, as a rule, did not show them to have been men who came here already steeped in crime. It was generally the case that they were adventurers who meant honestly enough in the first place, but proving failures in the ordinary pursuits of the times and being carried away by the reckless spirit they finally took to the road as an easy and exciting method of gaining a livelihood.

Then, again, another feature of the early days just as thrilling, were the duels that were fought by men in business and otherwise, but fortunately, however, not all the encounters which took place were attended with fatal results, though in too many instances this proved the case. Never-

theless, there were numerous meetings upon the field in which the combatants, through a combination of good luck and poor markmanship, escaped serious injury.

The pioneer race course in this city, which was located between Mission and Harrison from Twenty-fourth to Twenty-sixth streets, and owned by John Treat (after whom Treat avenue was called), was the scene of many a duel, and attracted many to the place. The very first American duel to take place there was between Lieutenant Bonnycastle, of Stevenson's regiment, and H. F. Teschemaker, afterwards Mayor of San Francisco for two terms. At the time the trouble occurred, Teschemaker was a clerk in the house of Howard & Mellus, the pioneer exporters of hides and tallow. Mellus was engaged to be married to a young lady residing at San Pedro, Calif., and at a ball given in her honor, she complained to her affianced that during the evening Bonnycastle had been too familiar in his attentions to her. Mellus promptly challenged the offending officer, the hostile message being delivered by Teschemaker. Bonnycastle accepted, but Teschemaker, realizing that the marriage of his employer was to take place in less than two weeks time, and fearing that the affair might result in the death of Mellus, flatly re-

fused to allow the latter to go upon the field, chivalrously assuming the quarrel himself.

In the meeting which followed, rifles being used at a distance of forty paces, Bonnycastle was wounded, Teschemaker's ball cutting off his little finger, then entering the arm and injuring that member so badly that amputation afterwards became necessary. Teschemaker was not hurt.

On September 20th, 1851, a duel was fought near the Sans Souci Inn on the road connecting the Mission Dolores with the Presidio, between H. D. Evans and Dr. J. R. Wright. Evans was seconded by Major Bernard and William Hollister and Wright by H. S. Smith and G. H. Putnam. One exchange of shots was had without result, and the seconds then agreed on a settlement honorable to both parties.

On Saturday, September 20th, 1851, a desperate duel took place at Benicia, between William Hicks Graham and G. Frank Lemon. The encounter took place two miles from the United States Barracks, and the men fought with revolvers at ten paces. Both fired five times without effect, whereupon the weapons were reloaded and Lemon fired two more shots, making seven in all, still without injuring his opponent. Graham's sixth shot also missed, but his seventh

took effect, the ball entering just behind Lemon's shoulder blade, and penetrating inward, made a painful but not serious wound. On the same day an affair of honor came off on the Presidio road between Captain Schaffer and James Wethered. They fought at fifteen paces with weapons loaded with buckshot, but after an exchange of shots in which neither party was injured, mutual friends interfered and a settlement satisfactory to both parties was effected.

On November 4th, 1851, an unusual occurrence in the dueling line took place between George Johnson and Scipio Jackson, both gentlemen of color, the affair creating no little amusement at the time. Like their white brethren, the dark skinned antagonists repaired to the Pioneer Race Course, accompanied by their seconds, and there made all the necessary arrangements in strict accordance with the provisions of the duel. Three shots were exchanged and Johnson was slightly injured. The wounded hero was carried off the field by his friends and the other combatant walked off, both being perfectly satisfied alike as to their wounded honor and in regard to the spotless fame of the dusky lady over whom the quarrel had occurred.

On January 11th, 1852, a hostile meeting took place on the field between Ex-Governor Mc-

Dougall and A. C. Russell, editor of the San Francisco "Picayune," the cause of the difficulty being the publication by the latter of severe strictures on the conduct of the Governor. McDougall was the challenger. At the first fire Russell received a wound in the hand, and the stock of his pistol was shattered by his adversary's ball. The affair then terminated.

On July 9th, 1852, a duel took place at the Pioneer Race Course between James D. Wethered and Clinton Winter, the latter of the firm of Winter & Latimer. The combatants fought with Colt revolvers at a distance of ten paces. The cylinder of Winter's pistol did not revolve after the third discharge, being impeded by one of the exploded caps and he received his antagonist's fourth ball in the side, a painful but not dangerous wound resulting.

On February 11th, 1853, Charles Somers and Thomas Lewis of Sacramento met upon the field of honor, fighting with derringers at ten paces. Somers received the ball of his antagonist in the left arm, which had to be amputated. On November 3, 1853, there appeared upon the field at the race course, J. Krug, editor of the "Frei Presse," the independent German paper, and Dr. Loehr, editor of the German Democratic paper. They fought with revolvers at twelve paces, and at the

third fire, Dr. Loehr was slightly wounded, which terminated the affair.

On May 19th, 1854, a hostile meeting took place near the Presidio between Chris Dowdigan, doorkeeper of the State Senate, and James Hawkins of Tuolumne County. Dowdigan was seconded by the notorious Bill Mulligan, while Hawkins was assisted by Philip T. Herbert. The weapons used were rifles and the distance was forty paces. Dowdigan received his adversary's fire in the left arm, resulting in a slight wound.

On June 11th, 1858, Albert Turner and William Houser of Marysville met near that place on the field of honor and fired five times at each other with shotguns loaded with ounce balls, the distance being fifty paces. At the last fire Houser was badly wounded.

On March 13th, 1855, a hostile meeting took place at the Pioneer Race Course between W. M. Biven and H. P. Dorsey, coming all the way from Los Angeles for that purpose. The affair was terminated by the police taking them.

The greatest duel that created wide attention throughout the community was that which was fought between Dave Broderick, United States Senator, and Judge Terry, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Political differences caused these men to go upon the field to satisfy

their honor. The place that was selected for the combat was near Lake Merced, in this county, and just as they were getting ready to take their positions, Chief of Police Martin Burke, with a posse, appeared on the scene and the contestants were taken to jail. They were immediately bailed out and upon the following day they again met on the same field over the county line, which place is now marked off with a historic trail to it off the Skyline Boulevard. After agreeing on the terms with which they were to fight, the command to fire was given and each answered with one shot, Broderick staggering and falling to the ground. He was immediately brought into town and three days after he died. His towering monument in Laurel Hill Cemetery has been always attractive to the passerby.

MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF JEANNE BONNET

ONE evening in the fall of the year 1876 the discharge of a firearm awoke the echoes on the San Bruno range of mountains, and startled the inhabitants of San Miguel, a small village, and the last station on the line of the S.P. R.R. in this county. Within a brief time after the report produced by the discharge of the weapon, which was loaded with buckshot, it became circulated that Jeanne Bonnet, who was known to everybody as the little "Frog Catcher," had been shot and killed.

San Miguel, now called Ocean View, which lay within a few hundred yards of the county line of San Francisco county, was but sparsely settled. The little brown building upon which was the sign that designated it as the railroad station, stood in an isolated position on the south side of the track. To the southwest of the station stood a small, one-story, frame house which, at the time of the murder, was used as a grocery

store. Adjoining this was the San Miguel saloon, in which the woman met her death. Here and there were a few houses occupied by families. As a person would be going along the line of old County Road, which passed through San Miguel, there stood a neat cottage surrounded by a small, well-kept garden, inclosed by a fence. This, at the time of this murder, was occupied by a Frenchman, known as Logis, and a woman reputed to be his wife, and known as Madame Caroline. From the building where this woman was killed, it was reached by means of a couple of steps. In the center of the house was the main entrance and on either side was a window of the style known as guillotine. Just west of the line of entrance was a partition running the entire length of the house. On the east side of the front was what was dignified by the name of bar-room. Back of this was a dining room and on the west side front, was a small room which was entered from the bar-room, and was used as a spare bedroom and in the rear of this was another bedroom occupied by the man and wife who kept the place. On the fatal night the spare bedroom was occupied by Jeanne and a companion named Blanche. Hung against the window was a dark green shade of material so light and thin that when it was down and a light was burning any-

one standing outside could see into the room and distinguish objects almost as clearly as when seen through a gossamer veil.

Jeanne Bonnet, the victim of this tragedy, was a native of France, about 25 years of age, medium height, dark hair, and regular features. In the last years of her life, her face always wore a look of strong determination, and it was seldom brightened by a smile. She was the eldest daughter of Paul and Marie Bonnet, who, in the early days of San Francisco, were members of a French theatrical troupe. When Jeanne reached a suitable age, she appeared on the stage in juvenile parts and soon became a great favorite with the audiences. So much did she, by her coquettish ways and excellent rendition of the parts allotted to her, win the affection of those who witnessed her performances that she seldom appeared without receiving a substantial token of appreciation in the shape of a shower of silver dollars. Had she but followed the course marked out for her, she would probably have become a bright ornament in the profession of her parents, but when she reached the threshold of womanhood she evinced a disposition to "go it alone," cut loose from all restraining influences, spurned the advice of relatives and friends, and hastened down the broad road to

moral destruction. She became imbued with a spirit of that heroism so graphically described in dime novels, and at one time cursed the day that she was born a female instead of a male. Her ambition was to become the captain of a gang of robbers, who would terrorize the community as did the brigands in Sicily.

To carry her ideas into effect, she discarded those garments which fashion had decreed should be worn by the gentler sex and donned those worn by men. In this apparel, and hair cut short, she had the appearance of a beardless boy of 18. She organized a gang of young men who belonged to the criminal class and started them off in various parts of the city. The whole affair proved a lamentable failure, for instead of being robbers bold, who would "stand up," men on the highways and byways, and in Dick Turpin style, with a brace of pistols leveled at the head, exclaim, "Stand and deliver!" they turned out to be sneak thieves of the lowest order, who, in a short time, were bagged by the police.

With the breaking up of this band, Jeanne's fondest hopes were destroyed and she turned man-hater, vowing to treat man only as she would a cur; at the same time declaring that she would make herself, as far as lay in her power, the friend of women of her nationality. She took

to the mountains of San Mateo County, and there caught frogs, which she sold to the first class restaurants of this city. From pursuing this occupation she acquired the name of the "Little Frog Catcher," and succeeded in earning a good living. Her only companions while engaged in this pursuit were a few pot hunters and frog catchers.

The companion of Jeanne came to this city with one Arthur Deneve, with whom she had lived as his mistress. Upon their arrival here he forced here to enter upon a life of shame, and support him in his idleness. Jeanne then formed a resolve to step in between as many women of Blanche's character and men of Deneve's stripe as she possibly could, and cause a separation. At the time she met Blanche she had already caused a number of these unfortunate women to dismiss their lovers and cut them off from an easy, but disgraceful, living. After some urging on the part of Jeanne, Blanche consented to give her card, upon which she wrote the society letters P.P.C. (Pour prendre conge). Deneve, who was just recovering from an attack of smallpox, stormed, raved, threatened and swore vengeance against the one who had brought about the separation. He then sought to have Blanche change her resolution and return to him, but she was inexorable, telling him that he must go his way,

and let her follow the path she had chosen for herself. Finding that nothing could move her, he, without her knowledge and during her absence, disposed of all of the household effects and pocketed the proceeds. Blanche then turned to drinking heavily and took up lodging at the Logis home. While there she was visited by Jeanne, who was not a welcome guest and who persuaded her to leave and live with her. A few days after, Jeanne went to the frog pond in the vicinity of the Seven-Mile House and upon her return, Blanche noticed that one of her eyes was discolored, and asked her what had happened. Jeanne said that she had fallen from her horse, on which she always rode man-fashion, and had struck against the stump of a tree. That night the two women, who occupied the front bedroom, got ready for bed. They ordered some brandy brought to them. Soon after they retired, the report of the discharge of a firearm and a crash of glass, a sudden darkening of the room, a cry of pain, and the exclamation coming from Jeanne, who spoke in French, "Blanche, a bullet has struck me. The end has come; I die; I go to meet my sister." Blanche, frightened, sprang for the door screaming for help, and then rushed into the bar-room. The proprietor, coming towards her, asked her what had happened.

Pointing to the bedroom, Blanche cried out, "Jeanne is dead." Hastily procuring a light to take the place of the one extinguished by the concussion produced by the shot, the room was entered, and a glance at the "Little Frog Catcher" proved the truth.

Through neglect or want of knowledge on the part of those who had information of the crime, the police were not notified, and it was not until the next morning that the facts became known at police headquarters and then the information was very indefinite; it was only a message as follows: "Jeanne Bonnet, the frog catcher, shot at San Miguel; send coroner." It was supposed at the time that Jeanne had committed suicide, and it was not till away late next afternoon that the detectives were made aware of the facts that a murder had been committed. They set to work upon the case, but in course of time it was laid aside as one of those unsolvable mysteries of a great city. How the crime was committed was developed upon the investigation following the report of the case. The night was dark. The proprietor of the grocery store, the station keeper, with their families, were still afoot. A light was burning on the bureau at the foot of the bed in the room in which Jeanne and Blanche were. The murderer, who was well ac-

quainted with the "lay of the land," approached the house and looked through the very thin blind and observed the movements of the two women. As soon as Blanche seated herself on the edge of the bed, the murderer, still standing against the porch, raised the gun and brought it to a level with the lower part of the lower pane of glass on the left side of the sash, and fired, the charge passing through the pane of glass and blind. It continued in its course diagonally across the room, passing through space which a moment before was occupied by Blanche before she stooped, and lodged part in the body of the woman who was in the bed and part in the headboard. The weapon used was heavily loaded with buckshot and an autopsy revealed that one of the bullets entered Jeanne's heart. After firing the fatal shot, the murderer had, under the cover of prevailing darkness, no difficulty in escaping.

Numerous theories were advanced in relation to this case and each of them was worked up until it was satisfactorily proven that it was false. Suspicion was at once directed toward Blanche's former lover. It was thought that he committed the murder to wreak his vengeance upon the one who had taken his mistress from him, but upon inquiry it was ascertained that he had left the city four days previous. A friend of Deneve's

named Ginad, it was reported, said on one occasion to Deneve, shortly after Blanche left, "Never mind, Arthur; leave that to me; I will attend to both of them, and will avenge you yet." This was construed into meaning that he would in some way punish Blanche and Jeanne. He was taken in by the police and kept in close confinement for several days, but as the inquiry into the matter developed facts going to establish his innocence, he was released. The theory that Jeanne was shot by an assassin, hired by the friends of Deneve, was one that the detectives adhered to.

During the investigation it came to light that the day before Jeanne was killed she had been visited by an old man named Jacquin. This man had manifested great interest for Jeanne's welfare, and had in the course of a few months given her several hundred dollars. It was ascertained that Jacquin had left his horse in a stable at San Miguel, and had gone to the California Hotel in this city and committed suicide by means of poison, after having written on a sheet of notepaper, "I die for a woman." The detectives followed up this clue and firmly believed that they were on the right track and that the mystery was solved. This, however, proved incorrect, for the records of the coroner proved that he was found

dead in his room twelve hours before Jeanne was killed. Logis, the proprietor of the house, was subjected to a categorical examination, but in none of his answers did he ever betray any knowledge of the crime. It was then ascertained about two years afterwards that Logis, who disappeared, went to Canada, where he purchased a farm. While there he had a quarrel with a woman, who was overheard to say, "I shall give away this whole business and then the people will know for what you got the money you bought this farm with." She wrote to this city for information, but before an answer reached her, Logis disappeared and no one could tell where he went.

Taking all the facts into consideration and viewing the case from every point, the conclusion arrived at was that Deneve sought to be revenged on Blanche for her faithlessness, but, being too cowardly to commit the murder, hired Logis, paying him a good round sum to assassinate her; that Logis, being well acquainted with the surrounding country, the internal and external arrangements of the house, and the habits of the people in the neighborhood, went there during the night and watching through the curtain which hung at the window of the front bedroom, awaited an opportunity to fire the fatal shot.

CRUELTY ON THE HIGH SEAS

THE horrible brutality practiced by the officers of the ship Gatherer on her voyage to this coast in the year 1882 and the story told by the crew after they arrived in this port, presented a chapter of startling incidents that not only corroborated the old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction," but even transcended some of the barbarities of the Inquisition.

The ship Gatherer was commanded by Captain C. N. Sparks, whose officers were William Watts, the first mate; Cornelius Curtis, second mate, and John Driscoll, the third mate, all of them being comparatively young men. Loaded with railroad iron, the ship sailed out of the port of Antwerp, and while the dim outline of the Fatherland was yet perceptible to the sailors, the fiendish brutality of Watts and Curtis was displayed. For a trifling breach of discipline, they unmercifully thrashed a seaman named Peter Clark, and shortly afterward a seaman named Turner, who was so badly beaten that he

was laid up for months.

A few days later, Curtis, the second mate, so brutally dealt with John Hanson that one of his eyes was nearly put out and his mouth so badly injured that eating and speaking was rendered very painful and difficult. Another sailor named John Burns was lashed to the rail, and his nose was broken by a pair of brass knuckles, when a boy, whose spirit would not permit him to stand by without giving expression to his horror, was struck on the head by the mate.

The mates lashed a heavy capstan bar to the back of Burns, compelling him to stride up and down the deck, at the same time revengefully kicking the helpless sailor as he passed. They then compelled three sailors known as Peter, George and McCue, to strip themselves, and they were forced to submit to horrible treatment. George took his revolting treatment so much to heart that, to escape further torture, he jumped overboard and was drowned. Hanson, one of the other sailors, was so brutally treated that he either deliberately committed suicide by jumping overboard or fell from sheer weakness into the water. Another sailor was struck in the face with a belaying pin by the mate and his nose was broken and permanently injured. The steward of the ship was also struck by one of the

mates over the head, and then placed in confinement and deprived of food for five days.

They then took McCue and fastened a strap to his waist and hoisted him up to the mizzen stay, and held him in this position head downward till black in the face from the effects of the blood rushing to his head. Gustave Adlung, a youthful German who was so unfortunate as to ship on the vessel, made a statement that the brutal treatment of the men, which was often repeated on the voyage, was known to the captain, who, he said, was a witness to a great deal of it and he further stated that the cruelty that was practiced on the Chinese steward drove him crazy by injuries inflicted by the first mate.

Taking pity on the Chinese steward, the seamen carried him back to his bunk, in which he remained until the vessel reached Wilmington, where he was removed from the ship to a hospital. Another member of the crew was ill-treated by one of the mates because he had spilled some paint on the deck while painting, and this sailor offered to go and clean it up, whereupon the mate shouted and knocked him down, jumping on him and beating him unmercifully, kicking him in the eyes, which laid him up for four weeks. After getting up again this same sailor, on a dark night, was ordered aloft by the

mate, saying: "I wish you would fall and kill yourself." John Anderson, another of the crew, went half crazy by beatings about the head, shoulders and legs with knotted ropes so severe that the flesh was cut from his legs and his entire body was a mass of bruises and sores.

He was ordered aloft to mend the sails and the poor fellow, being exhausted and weak, fell into the sea from the mizzen. Two victims had found a watery grave. There was no cessation in the bad treatment. A great deal of the time the sailors were fed on hard-tack and water. The spirit of the first mate at times displayed itself when he exclaimed: "I am king of you low beasts," and he split a belaying pin over a sailor's head named "Frenchy."

On another occasion a sailor named Charlie was at the wheel and he received a heavy blow under the ear, knocking him senseless to the deck, destroying his hearing.

The sailors were afraid to rebel against their persecution on account of the mates going about armed with a brace of pistols. Driscoll, the third mate, who was a friend of the sailors, was appealed to for protection, but declared he was powerless to interfere, but at the same time he always assured the men that while he was on watch he would protect them and when he was

questioned at the Marshal's office, he corroborated the sailor's story, declaring at the same time that he was powerless to protect the men some of the time. He said he witnessed a fiendish attack on two of the sailors and said that the treatment was the worst that he had ever seen. A meeting of fellow countrymen of the outraged men was called and among many prominent citizens, ship-owners and business men were present for the purpose of taking action in behalf of the unfortunate crew of the Gatherer.

The direct object of the meeting was to engage counsel to assist in the prosecution of the officers of the ship who caused so much suffering and death. Nearly all of the crew were young men and the best friend the men had on board the ship, the third mate, when interviewed at this meeting, told of some of the recent horrible experiences.

And then the trial of Captain Sparks, who had been arrested, took place in the United States Court, where a multitude of people had gathered, and the first witness that was called was John Driscoll, the third mate of the Gatherer, who testified as follows:

"The Gatherer left Antwerp September 1st, 1881. There were 18 men before the mast and 23 on board all told. The officers were Watts,

first mate, Curtis, second mate, and Captain Sparks. I saw Watts knock down Gustave Adlung with his fist and kick him in the eye. The captain stood about one hundred feet away.

"When Adlung fell, his head hit upon a spar and he made a loud outcry that could be heard 60 yards distant. He got up and wiped the blood from the deck and from his face. Before that, his eyesight was good; now he could not open his eyes until after witness left the ship and had hardly been able to see out of them since the occurrence. He was laid up below for months from his injury. The captain made no inquiry into the matter, nor supplied any medicine for the boy, so far as witness knew. Did not see the captain pay him the slightest attention after he was beaten." The witness continued: "Saw Jack Broyer beaten on the 24th of December. The captain was at the wheel 60 feet away; the second mate beat Broyer first with his fists and then with a belaying pin over the head.

"There was fresh blood on the deck every day during the voyage. Every man had to clean up his own blood. Saw iron rings put on Carl Anderson's wrists. His face was badly cut up by the mates. He attempted to jump overboard, but I prevented him. Archibald Turner and George Bloucher were beaten by both mates

with their fists and with a rope's end, also. The third day after leaving port, the second mate called William Olman down out of the rigging, beat him and kicked him on the head and he bore the marks for two or three weeks. Saw him beaten by the mate three times during a single watch.

"The mate broke his nose with a wooden belaying pin. The man cried out, and blood flowed freely. He was 22 years of age and a very good seaman. Saw the mate beat Joseph Brown, a colored man, when the captain was but a short distance away. For about eight weeks all hands were on deck from eight in the morning until six in the afternoon without any watch below except the dog watch."

This trial excited a profound interest, especially among seafaring men, and a great deal of indignation was manifested against the captain.

Gustave Adlung was sworn, and testified as follows: "Was born in Hamburg, am 19 years old, was one of the boys on board the ship Gatherer. Was struck by the first and second mates of the ship during her voyage from Antwerp to this coast. The first mate struck me on the first of October, when I was in the afterpart of the forerigging. He struck me with his feet and his fist. He knocked me down against the rail, and

put his foot on my throat. He said if I was not a boy he would have kicked me more. The captain was walking up and down on the deck; he saw the act and never said a word. The mate kicked me in the eye and it began to swell and everything looked black. I reported to the captain the next day. I went to him for medicine. He asked me what was the matter with my eye and I told him. I was laid up below for four weeks on account of these injuries. I made a loud outcry; there was blood from my injuries on the deck and rail. The mate told me to wipe it up, and I did so. I spilled a little tar water on the white paint, and I was struck for that. While I was going below the captain passed my room many times and asked me how my eye was. After I came out I could see a little. The mate made me turn to. My other eye was also affected. I cannot see to read, and I can only distinguish a face by going close to it. I was first struck the second day out of Antwerp by the second mate. This happened between one and two in the morning.

"The assault by the mate on the 2nd of September gave me a black eye. I saw Henry Ahle struck by the first mate in the presence of the captain and Ahle's face was bloody all over. The marks remained on Ahle's face about four days. All hands were on deck at the time he was

struck. We were just getting ready to 'bout ship. Saw the mate and second mate strike McCue—his face was all swollen from these effects and the marks remained on him during the rest of the voyage. Saw the mate strike Peter Tomassen, but do not know whether the captain saw it or not. While I was lying below I often heard the men crying out when they were being beaten. My eyesight was right enough when I first went on the vessel. After we arrived at San Pedro, I asked the captain to let me go ashore and see a doctor. The captain said: 'No, the best thing you can do is to stay on board and go with me to San Francisco and I will put you in a hospital.' I afterwards went ashore. I stayed at a hotel last night." Witness was here requested to identify a person present as the one who took him to a hotel. He was unable to see him until the individual had got close up to him. "Before I was hurt, the mate said he did not want me at the wheel. Nobody told me to say these things. The captain never did anything for my eye, nor ordered anything to be done. The mate brought me some poultices. He got them from the third mate."

Defendants' counsel made several attempts to lead the witness into an admission that would show his blindness to be a pretense and sham,

but failed.

Henry Mills was sworn. Was one of the crew of the Gatherer; was on the mate's watch. Remembered the circumstances of the mate's striking Gustave Adlung and injuring his eye. The captain was on the starboard side of the ship when this occurred and was in full view. In about a quarter of an hour the boy's face swelled up about the size of your fist and his eye closed. There was blood all over his face and coming from his nose. He cried out so that he could be heard all over the ship. The mate was afterwards cupping it every day, using a sharp needle. The boy's eyes were all right before this occurred. He was kept below on account of this for four weeks and when he came up on deck again his eye was still closed. Saw the second mate strike him about a half hour after the mate kicked him. The manner in which it occurred was this: The boy was leaning over picking up a bucket of water. He was singing. The mate put his hand over his mouth and knocked him down and then kicked him. Saw the mate also strike McCue just after leaving Antwerp.

"I was born in Germany, and I have gone by the name of Henry Mills. Never went over the dates with Driscoll, from his memorandum. I never was struck. Heard the captain call McCue

a vile name about eight or ten days after we left port. I was at the wheel. I saw the mate beat Gustave Adlung about the head when he was on the top gallant mast. About a quarter to 9 P.M. one evening while off Cape Horn, I saw the captain strike Gustave on the head and knock him down. I saw a man up on the top gallant crosstree bending; he was so weak from beatings he got that the poor fellow fell, striking the forward chains and bounced into the sea."

After the examination of several more witnesses who testified more or less the same as the others, the prosecution rested. There was a disagreement of the jury in the case of the captain, but the mates were convicted. Watts, the first mate, after the Gatherer had arrived in this port, skipped out on another vessel, and was captured in Queenstown, Ireland. He was detained in Clerkenwell Prison until officers from this city went after him and brought him back

THE CASE OF DR. J. MILTON BOWERS

A CASE which attracted wide attention in this city some years ago, was the death of Cecilia Bowers, wife of Dr. J. Milton Bowers, who died in the Arcade House on Market street under circumstances which warranted an investigation. The coroner had received a letter stating that there was an insurance policy of $14,000 on her life, and that an autopsy should be made as it could be proven that her death was caused by poison being administered to her. The coroner visited the house and after some conversation told Dr. Bowers that in view of certain information he received he would not permit the body to be buried until the autopsy had been made. Dr. Bowers seemed opposed to this, but later consented to the coroner's request. In the meantime, funeral arrangements had been previously made, and it was understood at the time that the body should be placed in the receiving vault of the cemetery, and on the following day returned to the parlors of the undertaker so that the

autopsy should be held there. When the coroner appeared at the undertaker's he was informed that the body was not there, so he with a deputy went to the cemetery, and there learned that the body had been placed in the ground as soon as the funeral services were over. He immediately had the body disinterred and taken to the morgue, where the inquest was held. A doctor who had treated her during her illness testified that at no time during her illness did she show any signs of suffering from poison and that the evidence of death being so positive, there was no necessity for an autopsy, but when he was recalled and gave anew the history of his connection with the case, then he desired to modify his previously expressed opinion, as it is easy to make an incorrect diagnosis of a disease. He said that since the autopsy, he was of the opinion that death had been caused by obstructed circulation, the result of paralysis.

Henry Benhayon, brother of the deceased, testified that about a few nights before Mrs. Bowers died he heard her say to her husband: "You are torturing me to death with medicine; must I take that, too?" And that on the following day Dr. Bowers said to him: "It is better that she should die, for if she lived she would be a confirmed invalid." Dr. Johnson, who analyzed

the stomach of the deceased, testified that he had discovered traces of phosphorus in the stomach. After all testimony had been submitted, the inquest closed, after which counsel for Dr. Bowers asked the coroner to instruct the jury to disregard the opinion of Dr. Johnson as to the cause of death, and he was interrupted by the coroner, who requested everybody but the jury to leave the room. The jury returned with two verdicts, one setting forth that the deceased came to her death by poison, the same being phosphorus which we believe was administered by her husband, J. Milton Bowers. The other verdict set forth that from the evidence of the chemist, Dr. Johnson, that the said Cecilia Bowers came to her death from phosphorus poisoning administered by some person and the circumstances point to her husband, J. Milton Bowers, who was then arrested and charged with the murder.

This trial took place in the Superior Court before Judge Murphy, and several doctors were examined in regard to poison and patent medicines, etc. Dr. Johnson was subjected to a severe examination and was asked by counsel for the defense why he did not have a doctor representing the defendant present when he made the analysis. He said that Dr. Bowers was not a defendant at that time and I also thought that he

had been misrepresented as I knew he had been under a cloud in consequence of some charges made against him in the newspapers. Dr. Johnson testified at length as to the symptoms of phosphorus poisoning and was confident that his analysis was correct. The most damaging witness that Dr. Bowers had against him was his brother-in-law, Henry Benhayon, who was also found poisoned later and the light shed upon his mysterious death in a massive chain of circumstantial evidence pointed with dark suspicion at Bowers' cell, and it is a story unparalleled in the annals of the ages.

Then the arguments came and several lively tilts took place between the district attorney and Bowers' lawyers. The district attorney was picturing the misery Mrs. Bowers had to endure, and pathetically repeating the story of her sorrows. There was a low moaning sound heard in the court room; the grieving tones came nearer and grew louder and only died away when the district attorney ceased narrating the dead woman's sufferings. Bowers was as cool as a cucumber while the district attorney was speaking. The district attorney deemed the evidence convincing. "If an angel," he said, "had dipped his pencil in a ray of light streaming from the heaven and pictured on the canvas brutality and

mercenary heartlessness in all their hideousness, we would know the defendant alone had sat for the picture.'' The arguments ended. The judge instructed the jury, and one of its main points concerned the value of circumstantial evidence. He said that the value to be given to testimony should be judged by the effect which it produced in the mind. The jury returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree.

When Bowers was again brought into court for sentence, Judge Murphy asked him if he had anything to say why judgment should not be pronounced. The prisoner, who appeared cool and self-possessed, spoke as follows: ''Your Honor, I would like to make a few statements, not that I expect to vindicate myself personally, but certainly to guard against future emergencies of this same kind. I am satisfied in my own mind that had proper precautions been taken and I represented at the analysis of the stomach of my late dear wife, I should not stand here convicted of this most horrible, heinous crime. If things had been done as they are done in the old countries I should not stand here to suffer for a crime that I am not guilty of. I made on three separate occasions application to be represented. Each and every time it was denied me. Since I must take my exit, I ask that you, with the as-

sistance of the others, grant me this one boon, and fully knowing that my late dear wife did not die of phosphorus poisoning, I ask this: That I should be placed somewhere with the same surrounding conditions, etc., and a crowd of medical men be around and administer to me as the prosecution has claimed has been administered to my late dear wife, I am willing to show that she did not die of phosphorus poisoning."

The judge then said: "The means used, the position you occupied to her and the silent, stealthy manner in which the fatal drug was administered all concur in showing you to be devoid of all human feeling and the motives which led you to the commission of this terrible murder must have been as the prosecution claimed, two of the basest known to humanity—lust and the illegitimate love of gain. In vain are such foul deeds perpetrated under cover of secrecy of the darkness of the night. In vain was the body of your victim committed to the earth and its lonely grave. In vain did you believe that no eye saw you administer to your wife the deadly poison thereby committing this foul and unnatural murder. You probably did not think that by the aid of science your crime could be traced and proved and your guilt demonstrated. I say to you not in words of anger, but in pity and sor-

row, that the sword of human justice trembles over you and is about to fall on your guilty head and that soon, perhaps sooner than you expect, you will be called upon to take your final leave of the world, and to enter into the untried and never-ending eternity. Under the circumstances as shown in this case and the face of the verdict which has been returned against you, you cannot expect mercy or clemency, for if this verdict be a true one, and I have no reason to doubt it, you showed no mercy to your victim.''

Then Judge Murphy pronounced the dreadful sentence of the law that he be hanged in the County Jail. His attorneys immediately made a motion to appeal.

While the case of Dr. Milton Bowers was pending appeal, his brother-in-law, Henry Benhayon, was found dead in a room at 22 Geary street and occasioned a great deal of comment in this city and no small degree of excitement on account of his connection with the Bowers case. On a small stand near the body were found a small flask of whiskey, a bottle of chloroform liniment and another containing cyanide of potassium. The landlady of the house, upon being interviewed, stated that two men rented the room where the body was found a few days previous and she was positive that neither of

them was the dead man. A letter-head confession was found on a table and it was discovered to be a clumsy imitation of Benhayon's handwriting. It read as follows: "The history of the tragedy commenced after my sister married Dr. Bowers. I had certain reasons to think that he would soon leave her. She always quarreled with him. On one occasion she told me she would poison him first before he should leave her. I said in jest, 'Have him insured first.' She said all right. Bowers for a long time objected. Finally she conquered and Bowers said if it will keep you out of mischief, go ahead. They both joined several lodges. I got the stuff ready to dispose of him, but my sister would not listen to my proposition and threatened to expose me. After my sister was sick for some time I felt an irresistible impulse to use the stuff on her and finish Bowers later. I would become administrator for my niece, who would then have the benefit of the insurance. I took one pill and capsule out of her box and filled the capsule with poison. I put the capsule back and took another until I changed four capsules. After my sister died, I took the capsules that I had marked out of her pill box. I didn't think Bowers could get in trouble for the person that furnished me with the poisons said a chemist told him no doctor

could find it in the stomach, for it was a blood poison.

(Signed) "H. BENHAYON."

It was then discovered that the two men who rented the room were John Dimmig and Lowenstein, both being very friendly with Benhayon. They were both identified by the landlady. A druggist was found who knew Demmig very well and he stated that Dimmig, who was also a drug clerk at one time, was in the habit of coming to his store at different times, as he was then canvassing for some books of art. A few days after the body of Benhayon was found, Dimmig called at this drug store and asked this druggist to give him a lump of cyanide of potassium which he did, knowing him to be a brother druggist. He said that he was going to use it to remove some nitrate of silver stains from his hand. John Dimmig was then grilled and it was shown that he was a friend of Bowers and also Benhayon. The landlady said that Dimmig called at her house a few nights after the body was found and appeared fearfully frightened. She said his face was blanched and he shook like an aspen. She asked him what ailed him and he replied: "I'm afraid I've got myself into trouble and they are liable to get me into the tanks before this affair is settled." She said if you are inno-

cent, what have you to fear. There was another letter that was sent to Dimmig by special delivery which he did not open and which he received at a store. It was some more clumsy handwriting saying, come to 22 Geary street; I'm in trouble; come right over—with Benhayon's signature. The landlady asked him, is that the way you treat your correspondence, carrying letters around unopened, especially a special delivery. Continuing her story, she said Dimmig endeavored to enlist her sympathies in his behalf and was very anxious for her to help him out of the fix he was in. Then she related the scene in the room where the body was found, which proved to her suspicious circumstances. She said the position of the body and the precision with which the bottles stood on the table made her suspicious. The position of everything in the room struck me at once as having been studied. In the first place, the glass from which he is supposed to have drunk the deadly drug stood too far away from the body to have been placed there by a man in the throes of death. Then another point that I noticed particularly was the ink stand, which had been placed on the table, had the stopper in it and the penholder which occupied a precise position along side of it contained a pen which I am sure had not been

dipped in ink. It was certainly a new and unused pen. The whole affair looked like everything had been placed on the table, not for use, but for show. The body looked as if it had been fixed in a certain position and when everything had been scrutinized by some one who had evidently considered that all things were as they should be and there lay the body of the most damaging witness against Bowers.

Max Gumpel, a handwriting expert, testified that he made an examination of the paper called "The Confession," and compared it with Benhayon's handwriting. The result of his examination was that he came to the conclusion that the confession was an imitation of the handwriting of Benhayon. He said one of the greatest difficulties in the way of imitating handwriting was to conceal the characteristics of the imitator's own writing. He proved an excellent witness and pointed out the difference of letters and figures that were in the paper and said that figures were among the best characters by which to test handwriting. When Detective Robert Hogan took the stand a buzz of expectancy went around the courtroom; his testimony had long been looked for and proved to be of a startling, sensational character. He related the story of his connection with the case in a straightforward

manner and was listened to with breathless interest. Dimmig showed more interest in Hogan's testimony than he did during the trial. His face was flushed and as the detective proceeded he seemed to grow restless and perturbed. His eyes looked heavy as they were either fixed upon the witness or were rolling around. When he did remove his gaze from the detective, his head was still craned forward and he caught every word that was uttered. Several points were developed in Hogan's testimony, as well as the suggestion of a score of possible clews. It revealed the entire work of the detective force upon the mysterious case.

Dr. Gallwey, who made a chemical analysis of the stomach, found that it contained cyanide of potassium sufficient to produce death. However, the circumstances of Benhayon's death were such as to lead one to believe that the young man was the victim of foul play at the hands of a conspiracy to free Bowers from the death grasp that had tightened itself about his neck for the murder of his wife and it appeared that a plan had been mapped out to put Benhayon out of the way in such a manner and in such a way that suicide would be ascribed instead of murder. The conspirators with but little difficulty could insinuate their way into the dead man's confidence

for he was quite a sociable fellow and then inveigle him into a room under one pretense or another. Here but little difficulty would be encountered in administering a dose of poison in a glass of wine or beer while all were drinking. The inanimate form of the young man could easily be disposed of in any desired way and all things necessary to lead to believe that he committed suicide. No noise having been occasioned by this proceeding, the conspirators could escape without attracting attention. How easy it is for a man who has seen Benhayon's handwriting to spend his time imitating it and then executing forgeries of the tenor of those found in the dead man's room. Furthermore, does it seem likely or possible that a man having a home would, four or five days in advance, engage a room in which to commit the fatal act. Circumstances and conditions are not usually considered by intending suicides. The Supreme Court granted Bowers a new trial and in one of its statements said that it was prejudicial error for the Judge frequently to question witnesses in the interest of the prosecution in such leading and suggestive manner as to give the jury the impression that he thought the defendant guilty. Bowers and Dimmig were finally set free.

CRIME WAVE OF WINTER OF 1877

HOW familiar is the remark today that a "wave of crime" is sweeping over the community. It means, ordinarily, that an unusual number of the vicious—thieves, murderers and assorted crooks—have gathered in a community and are plying their evil trades with more than ordinary activity. Immediately the cry goes up for increased police protection and invariably there is a quick response from the ever ready, and active department.

This is a condition which occurs with uncertain, but never-failing frequency, and we must assume that it will continue, to be met and controlled by the department as in the past.

In the winter of 1877, however, a veritable "tidal wave" of crime swept over San Francisco, the equal of which has perhaps never since been experienced by this city. Criminals from all parts of the United States, many fresh from the disturbed conditions of Chicago and other large Eastern centers, drifted into our city in large

numbers. The "brake beam specials" were crowded to capacity, until there was gathered in this city as complete and varied an assortment of murderers, garroters, burglars and highwaymen as could be found in any place in the world.

The gentlemen of the mask and gun were not long in making their presence felt. A number of daring robberies and burglaries, accompanied by murders when occasion required, soon brought a storm of protest from the citizens, and a cry for additional police protection. The small force available in those days did their utmost to cope with this flood of violence and crime, but as there was not a sufficiency of men to properly patrol the city, and as during portions of the day and night there were no officers on duty at all, this fact became quickly known to the visiting crooks, and their crimes were timed largely to correspond with the lack of police protection.

Conditions became so serious that a special citizens' organization was effected to co-operate with the police in protecting the lives and property of the people of the community, and after a number of the principal offenders had been convicted and consigned to the "big house" across the bay, the "tidal wave" gradually subsided, and normal conditions again prevailed. The result of this extraordinary outbreak of

crime impressed most forcibly upon the people the necessity of increased police protection for this city, with the result that the next session of the Legislature increased the police force to four hundred members, thereby adding materially to the security and protection of the community.

One of the most spectacular of the many crimes which attracted wide attention during the '70s, was that of the widely known Joe Duncan, the notorious banker who accomplished the wrecking of the Pioneer Land and Loan Bank. This institution, which was located at the corner of Montgomery and California streets, upon the site afterward occupied by the ill-fated California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, was one of the prominent financial institutions of its day. As general manager, Duncan used the bank's funds to finance a number of ill-advised speculations, and when the finances of the bank were at low ebb, in an effort to withstand the gathering financial storm, he undertook to raise a number of certificates of stock of the safe deposit company affiliated with the bank. Duncan raised one ten-share certificate to 1020, and sold it to an unsuspecting broker for $13,000.00 and he raised another certificate of two shares to two hundred shares, and disposed of that for a large sum of money to another broker.

When the bank was finally forced to close its doors, Duncan went into hiding, and his forgeries then soon became known. The wildest excitement prevailed. The entire police force was pressed into service to apprehend the fugitive. Outgoing vessels and vessels at anchor in the harbor were searched, as it was generally believed that he would attempt to follow the usual route of defaulters in those days of sailing in some outgoing ship. Several weeks were consumed in the search, but without avail, and the papers of the day were beginning to severely criticize the police force for permitting Duncan to escape, when the astute Captain Lees, who had been quietly working on the case and keeping counsel with himself, succeeded in locating Duncan's hiding place. Taking with him a few of his men, at midnight on February 24, 1878, they entered the doorway of the premises, 509 Kearny street, and soon gained entrance to the floors above. Reaching the third floor, Captain Lees quietly knocked on the door and then walked calmly in as if invited, and there lying on a cot in a remote corner of the apartment, was the fugitive banker, Duncan. Duncan immediately reached for his revolver, but before he could raise his hand, Captain Lees had him covered and threatened to blow off the top of his head if he moved a hand.

Duncan was immediately taken to prison, and then developed some interesting details of his attempted flight and concealment during the several weeks that he was in hiding. A search of the premises disclosed that Duncan was in a building with several other persons, but none, except one trusted servant, knew that he was there. There was an old bureau in the apartment occupied by him, out of which the back and all but the front of the drawers had been removed. Whenever anyone came to this apartment, the bureau was pulled out from the wall and Duncan slipped in behind the bureau in a crouching position and it was then moved back against the wall, leaving Duncan entirely concealed. By this method, he had escaped detection, although many persons had been in and out of the premises occupied by him for several weeks.

A further search also revealed the fact that Duncan had prepared a complete female disguise for himself. A chemise with a lace border, a skirt with suitable bustle attached, into which he had sewn a white underskirt, so that both garments could be put on at once, without loss of time, a wig of woman's chestnut hair, a cute black velvet hat, with a pretty bunch of violets on the crown and a thick brown veil, all bore evi-

dence that Duncan had been frequently going about the city at night disguised in female attire, and was awaiting a favorable opportunity, with the aid of his disguise, to board an outgoing vessel and make good his escape.

He was arraigned on sixteen charges of forgery and one of felony in swearing to a false statement of the condition of the bank. After two trials he was finally acquitted in the Municipal Criminal Court.

MUTINY AT SEA

IN THE winter of 1882, the steam whaling bark "Lucretia," Edmund Kelly, master, sailed out of this port on a voyage after whales, cruising about the lower latitudes until such time as would enable her to enter the arctic whaling grounds early in the spring. There was nothing but an occasional gale to break the monotony of her uneventful experiences. One day was simply the repetition of another, except when a heavy blow put the sea in fidgets, tossing the ship about somewhat lively. Not a whale was to be seen. Continuing on her voyage to the north, she encountered strong head winds all the way up and encountered vast fields of ice which she skirted around in the hope of finding an opportunity of penetrating to where there was game. The general health of the men on board had been very good except that of the captain, who was a man of wiry frame, medium size, about fifty years of age and would hardly kick the beam at 125 pounds. His expression of face, his enunciation

and his general manner were those of a man of courage and forbearance, one with whom any one who was half disposed to do right could easily get along with. His first mate was a good officer but considerably more advanced in years, and past the age when his physical powers would be a thing to overawe into submission a crew who might exhibit a concerted front of vicious actions. The second officer was in the prime and vigor of manhood, and a man on whom the captain could rely in any emergency. There were 43 persons all told on board this vessel. Everything passed off quietly until the first day she was passing through the straits into the Arctic Ocean, when the first trouble of any description occurred. The first act of insubordination was by John Madden, an able seaman. The mate told him to go down into the bunkers and shift coal for the purpose of trimming ship. Madden's reply was, "I won't go down and trim coal for you or anybody else." The mate said, "If you don't go down, I'll throw you down." Madden replied to this with a vicious oath, telling the mate that if he put his hands on him, he would rip him open.

Madden was a powerful fellow, not very large, but muscular and ugly in his disposition. He knew he could easily handle the mate, but the

second mate came along and told him to go down. Madden concluded by this time that it was expedient for him to obey and went into the bunkers as he was ordered. A day later, while the ship was running off under short sail with a heavy wind blowing, with snow and sleet, Captain Kelly directed to further shorten the sails. The mate found that most of the watch had gone below without waiting for their relief. He then went to the forecastle and ordered the watch to come on deck and haul up the mainsail. There was no response. Captain Kelly then went and repeated the order. At this a sailor came out and began to heap the vilest abuses on the captain, whose warnings only infuriated him the more. The others of the crew also came out and stood, refusing to go to work. One of them by the name of Joe defied the captain who immediately put him in irons and placed him in the wheel house. The crew then came aft, and demanded the release of Joe. Captain Kelly expostulated with them and advised them to return to duty. They replied, "We want Joe released." Captain Kelly coolly told them that he himself wanted a good many things that he couldn't get, and he thought they would find sometimes that they could not get everything they wanted. "Well," they said, "we want the man out of irons." "You can't

have him,'' was the captain's brief reply. Madden then proposed to the others of the crew that they should go and take the man away from the wheel, and not allow anybody to steer the ship, and made a move in that direction. Captain Kelly quietly told them that he would put a ball through any one who attempted to molest the man at the wheel. Madden exclaimed, ''You talk about shooting, we can shoot, too; bring on your guns.'' The Captain ran into the cabin and arming himself with a rifle, sprang on the house and declared he would shoot the first man who attempted to take the man from the wheel. He told them of the gravity of the offense they were committing, and requested those who were willing to return to duty. He then demanded to know the reason for their insubordination and asked them if they had not been well treated and well fed. Two sailors spoke up saying that they had no complaint to make; that they had been treated well enough, and as to the work, it didn't amount to anything; but they wanted their comrade let out of irons. Captain Kelly repeated his warning and the men retired forward. Before the captain had armed himself, Madden stole up behind him and was about to strike when he was seized by the mate and pushed away. After they had gone forward, two or three manifested a

disposition to work, whereupon they were told by some of the crew that if they didn't leave off work they might find their throats cut while asleep. Thus intimidated, those who were disposed to return to duty were compelled, through fear, to go with the leaders of the mutiny into the forecastle. Then a storm of jeers and insults was sent up to the officers and the captain determined to try the effect of a little fasting upon them. The door of the companionway leading down into the forecastle was then closed and secured with padlocks. The mutineers remained locked up until the following morning, when they made an assault on the door, forcing it open, and came to the deck armed with their revolvers. There was a portion of the crew that would gladly have obeyed orders, but they were forced to join the mutiny by threats of being killed by the leaders. The captain again expostulated with them, assuring them that he intended to maintain discipline at all hazards. He advised them again to return to duty. At this, Madden, who was still leading the men aft, cried out, "bread or blood," and the others repeated the cry. Captain Kelly took his officers and boys into the cabin, and arming them, placing them at the ship's waist with directions not to use their weapons until he gave them orders to, no matter

what might occur, but when they did shoot to pick out the ring leaders. The captain then advanced forward to where the men were standing, and requested all who desired to keep out of this scrape to step over to one side. The ring leaders told them they would kill the first one who did so. Then they all together cried out, "bread or blood." Captain Kelly then said: "Men, the time for argument has passed. I forfeited my dignity when I pleaded with you; now there is one alternative. Whoever disobeys my orders, I will shoot on the spot." Bringing his rifle to at present he said, "Madden, come to me." Madden whipped out his pistol and pulled the trigger on the captain. The cap snapped and Captain Kelly attempted to fire but found that he had neglected to put a cartridge in the chamber. His rifle was of the Henry pattern, with sixteen cartridges in the cylinder. While he was in the act of throwing a charge into the chamber, Madden fired, a ball passing close to the captain's head. At this the shooting became general. A ball from a very small pocket pistol in the hands of the steward struck Madden in the back of the neck. The chief engineer sent a ball from his rifle to Madden's knee when he made a dash for the captain, and in doing so struck a barrel that was standing by the tryers and dropped his gun. He stooped

quickly to pick it up again and while in the act, Captain Kelly sent a ball through his body and he fell dead. The other mutineers then became panic-stricken, and began to scatter and throw their pistols overboard. The mates succeeded in securing three of them before they had been disposed of. The death of Madden put an end to the revolt, and the others then signified their willingness to obey orders. Captain Kelly then made a detail entry in the ship's official log books of the events that occurred, making no comment or anything in defense of his action. He requested the crew to sign it, if they were willing. John Hill, one of those who had been forced to join the revolt, said: "No, Captain, you have not said anything there to vindicate yourself. We will write our own statement." He was supplied with writing material, and wrote out the following in a fine, scholarly hand and manner: "Sea Bark Lucretia—We, the undersigned, consider that John Madden met his death through his own folly whilst inciting the crew of the named vessel to commit an act of mutiny, and whilst endeavoring to resist, by force, the lawful commands of the captain, and that it was an act of justifiable homicide, rendered necessary in order to preserve discipline and the safety of the vessel and also an act of self-preservation, as at the time he

was threatening the lives of the captain and officers with a revolver.'' The document was signed by five men.

The two surviving ring leaders also desired to sign the papers, but Captain Kelly intended to prosecute them on their arrival in port for mutiny and refused to permit them to sign, as in so doing they would be making evidence against themselves and he wanted nothing that would appear as if he had taken advantage of their situation. Immediately upon arriving here, the captain laid the matter before the U. S. District Attorney, who, upon presentation of all the facts with such evidence as the captain had in his possession, told him that he had done nothing for which he could be proceeded against. His acts appeared to be perfectly justifiable. The ring leaders were taken into custody and tried for mutiny.

FRANK BUTLER—AUSTRALIAN KILLER

THE four-masted English ship Swanhilda, sailing into this port from Newcastle, New South Wales some years ago, had for a member of her crew Frank Butler, who was considered one of the most cold-blooded and most notorious murderers of the age. He was apprehended by the police of this city for the murder of two men in the Blue Mountains near Sydney, Australia. The first intimation that the public had of these crimes was an announcement in the Sydney papers that a sea captain named Weller, who, with another man, had been on an expedition to the Blue Mountains for the purpose of prospecting for gold. A few days later Butler returned to Sydney and when questioned as to the whereabouts of the other man, he said he left his mate at the creek, as he was not feeling well. Suspicions became aroused and a search was made in the vicinity of the creek and the charred remains of a pocketbook known to have been in the possession of Weller was discovered there.

From information gathered by the police, there appeared in the Sydney papers advertisements to the following effect: "Wanted, a mate to go prospecting; equal shares; experience not necessary. Apply at 822 George street." This advertisement brought numerous applicants. Among them was a young man named Arthur Thomas Preston, son of a well-known draper in Brisbane, Queensland. Young Preston, who was a studious youth, was staying at Sydney, where he attended the Sydney University, studying mineralogy. At the hotel where he was stopping, Preston met a man who said that he was a qualified mining expert and had sold a share in a mine at New South Wales for 2000 pounds. After Preston conversed with him it was agreed that they would go out prospecting and on the following day the two set out for the Blue Mountains. Preston had but little money on him when they took the trail—not more than 30 pounds—but the clothing he had with him afforded means of certain identification. Six days after this man Butler was seen in Sydney and was asked what became of Preston. He replied, "This young lad was too soft; he petered out and I came back to look for another mate.'

A few days after this, an advertisement appeared for a prospective mate in a Sydney paper

with a different address. In reply to this advertisement came Captain Lee Weller, a retired master mariner from Newcastle. Weller and Butler then left by train for a place called Glenbrook in the Blue Mountains. A few days later Butler was again seen in Sydney alone and he was asked what became of his mate; he said he was ill. About a fortnight after a search was made for the missing men. A strong body of police and several young natives who were expert bushmen were at once sent out and two aboriginals, blacktrackers attached to the police, were brought up from an up-country station. Residents in the neighborhood of Glenbrook brought forth information of having seen Butler first with Preston and afterward with Weller. Half a mile from Glenbrook the remains of a campfire was discovered and here's where Weller's burnt pocketbook was found. The searchers' prodding sticks in the soil discovered human hair on one of the sticks. Digging the soil with their hands, a human head was found. It was Preston's. The young man had evidently been digging for gold under his mate's direction. He had been shot through the back of the head as though from a slight elevation and downward. Having silenced his victim forever, the murderer passed a towel around the body and cast it into

the too short and narrow grave the youth had dug for himself. It was evident the murderer had jumped on the body to get it into the grave. Twelve days after the searchers found the body of Weller buried in a foot and a half of ground a great distance away and was buried in the same fashion as Preston's and it was apparent that death was caused by similar means in both cases. He robbed both of all their belongings, and the master mariner's papers of Captain Weller, which Butler had in his possession when he signed up on the Swanhilda, told the tale that he was the murderer. Three Australian detectives —McHattie, Roche and Conroy, were assigned to the case and from information they gathered found that Butler had signed up in the shipping office at Sydney and on board the Swanhilda, bound for San Francisco.

Captain Donald Fraser, master of the Swanhilda, when a few days out, sighted a steamer a great distance off but could not recognize her signals. As she came closer, Fraser ordered the mate to signal all on board well. She answered that signal and still came closer and signaled, heave to: "I have something important to communicate." A boat was lowered and the second officer came aboard with a bundle of papers, remarking to Captain Fraser that he would be

anxious to read about the murders. They both went into the chart room and there read the account which, however, didn't mention Weller's name, but Butler's. At the time the captain signed up Butler (who gave the name of Weller) he noticed that Butler had a master's certificate on him and he supposed naturally that Butler had fallen in the world through drink, etc., and was desirous of working his way to San Francisco. The captain, in speaking to the mate after reading the account of the murders, said: "We have a man in the forecastle with a master's certificate by the name of Weller and the mate said this fellow is no sailor." "Use him," said the skipper, "the same as the other man."

Then the captain took the master's papers and read them over carefully and the first thing he ran across was the mystery which mentioned Weller's name and he saw at once that Butler was the man that was wanted. He then called up the first mate and said, "Read these over carefully and do not let it go any further; don't let anyone on board know about this and watch the man closely, and if he misbehaves we will soon take care of him, but as long as he behaves himself we will let him alone." The captain figured that this was the best way out of it and he did not put Butler in irons, as it might tempt the

crew to think that he was being persecuted and the trouble might lead to mutiny, and accordingly not a word was said and the only men on board who knew there was a cold-blooded murderer on the ship was the captain and the chief officer. According to the sailors, during the voyage to this port Butler used to exhort them to refrain from swearing and would always want to hold prayer meetings with them in the forecastle. While the ship was being tossed in a heavy sea and the clew lines striking the masts, the lads would swear like troopers when furling the sails. When everything had been made snug, again Butler would call them to account for the oaths they uttered and exhort them to mend their way. They would sing chanty's to the barmaids far away and he would again exhort them, saying, what excuse will you all have to make on the judgment day, and a few days before reaching this port he said he was going to leave the ship and he got down on his knees and prayed that the crew might be saved—"brands plucked from the burning," he called it.

When the Swanhilda reached this harbor, she was met by Sergeant Steve Bunner and Officer William Ferguson of the harbor patrol. Then the health officer came aboard and ordered the mate to muster the crew for inspection. Up came the

men from the forecastle, thirty in number, and as they passed down the line scanning each face, the mate paused opposite a man of ordinary size and murmured, "That's your man." Sergeant Bunner placed him under arrest and soon after three Australian detectives, McHattie, Roche and Conroy, came on board and Butler was taken into the captain's cabin. Then the prisoner's effects were locked up and a careful invoice was kept of each article by Officer Ferguson for this Government and by Detective Roche for the Colonial Government of Australia. As the investigation proceeded, the most damaging evidence was found among the man's effects. There were all the murdered Captain Lee Weller's certificates and some things that were inscribed to Weller's dead wife. Detective Conroy identified mining certificates and many pieces of jewelry. Detective Roche identified the blue serge coat and vest among Butler's things as the ones last worn by the murdered Preston. There were a number of articles which he had stolen belonging to a man named Harwood and among them was a certificate from the school of mines of Ballarat giving him a miner's right in New South Wales. The detectives then took Butler before the U. S. Circuit Court and made application for extradition, proving with a mass of documen-

tary evidence that he was the man wanted for the crimes committed and he was ordered to be turned over to the Australian detectives, who proceeded with him back to Sydney, where he was tried and convicted and inside of three weeks he was executed.

FAMOUS MURDER IN COLUSA COUNTY

IN THE year of 1883, Dr. Hugh J. Glenn, who was known over nearly the entire world as the Farmer King, was murdered by one of his employes in Colusa County, causing a high state of excitement in the community.

Huron Miller, who had been employed by Doctor Glenn, was the author of the foul deed. It seemed that he and the Doctor had some difficulty a few days previous when Miller called the Doctor a liar, who later knocked him down and then discharged him. Miller returned the next day carrying a double-barreled muzzle-loading shotgun and upon seeing the Doctor standing on the porch of the hotel where he was stopping, opened fire, shooting him in the back of the head. The Doctor fell to the floor in an insensible condition. Miller started across the road into the fields and was pursued by a foreman of the Doctor's ranch named R. M. Cochran. Miller raised his gun as if going to shoot, when Cochran fired at him with a rifle, the ball entering the fleshy

part of Miller's right leg just below the thigh. Miller then surrendered and was brought to the town of Willows and charged with the murder.

Dr. Hugh James Glenn had an eventful life, being brought up in Missouri, and had been given every available opportunity at private schools, receiving an education also in a medical college at St. Louis, where he went through a course of lectures. Upon the Mexican war breaking out, he was seized with a spirit of patriotism and enlisted in a division of the army, participating in several battles. Later he received an honorable discharge, after which he found his way back to St. Louis, where he continued his medical studies and graduated from there. A little later he started across the plains to seek his fortune in California with a party that was composed of three companies and several ox teams. After an adventurous journey, the party arrived safely in Sacramento. He then went to the mines and staked out a claim at a place called the "Murderer's Bar," on the middle fork of the American river near Colma, where the original gold discovery was made in California. Remaining there for a few months, he returned to Sacramento with a little stake he made in the mine and procured an ox team, carrying freight from that city to Colma and other mining points in

the mountains. After teaming for about five months, he opened up a livery stable in Sacramento and a little later he returned to Missouri and brought his family out and settled in the northern part of Colusa County. He lived in this place for about three years superintending a sheep ranch and buying and selling cattle. He then became associated with a man by name of S. E. Wilson in the cattle trade, the markets being found at Weaverville, Shasta County, and other mining centers. He then sold out his interest and with his family returned to Missouri, intending to remain in that state permanently, but his restless spirit prompted him to return to California again. With him he brought a large drove of horses and cattle. In the northern part of Utah the horses and cattle were stampeded by Indians and Dr. Glenn, unattended, went on the back track after his property. He had gone but a few miles when he sighted his horses, and at the same moment seven or eight Indians made their appearance and immediately charged on the Doctor. The latter had no weapon but a revolver, while the Indians were fully armed with guns, so he began a slow retreat, keeping himself protected as well as possible by rocks and trees. Shots were frequently exchanged but without effect and it was not long before Dr. Glenn had

expended all of his ammunition. The Indians, ascertaining this, made arrangements for a grand rush and the Doctor thought his last moment at hand, when suddenly a dozen shots rapidly fired, announced a rescuing party, consisting of his companions who had heard the firing and came up as quickly as possible. After getting the animals together again, the journey was continued and the company arrived safely in Sacramento. For several years following, Dr. Glenn traveled back and forth over the plains with droves of cattle, horses and mules, varying the trip occasionally by going to New Orleans to sell in the markets there. Prices were very high in California, owing to the scarcity of horses and mules.

A few years later, upon learning this, Dr. Glenn started from Missouri with a large drove of horses. On the way over, a severe storm was experienced, in which man and animals came near perishing. A delay of three weeks was only followed by other unfortunate forced stoppages, and upon arriving in California again, prices had gone down again and a buyer could not be found at any reasonable figure, owing to the dryness of the season. The animals were then put out to pasture and this move put Dr. Glenn in the mood to try farming. He formed a partner-

ship with Major Biggs and the big ranch in Yolo was noted throughout the country. They finally rented it for ordinary farm operations and these two partners went into stock trading and freighting between there and Idaho. In the spring of 1867, Dr. Glenn concluded to make his permanent home in California and with that object in view he purchased land in Colusa County and moved there with his family to a place called Jacinto on the Sacramento river, which was his home from that time up to his death. This ranch had become almost world-renowned and known as the Jacinto Ranch, it being one of the largest ranches in the world, extending along the banks of the Sacramento sixteen miles and averaging a width of over five miles. The land was devoted principally to wheat raising, it being divided up into sections and worked by separate gangs of laborers, all of whom were personally overseen by Dr. Glenn himself. He was not averse to exercise, his hands being hardened and horny from actual labor, while his bronzed and sunburned face combined with his gentler qualities earned him the name of the gentleman farmer. He was quiet and unobtrusive in his manners and commanded the respect of all with whom he came in contact. His distinguished characteristic was a full flowing beard and serious looking eyes, which

betokened great mental qualities. His first and only experience in public life was as a member of the State Board of Agriculture. He was born to be a leader in whatever he undertook. Educated as a physician, an unexpected event made him a land-holder and in a few years he became the largest farmer on the globe, and the only wheat grower in America who chartered his own ships and sold by telegraph his own grain in Europe, dispensing with middle men entirely. His payments for labor and supplies on his great ranch would reach as high as six hundred thousand dollars a year. In addition to this, he owned a seventy-thousand-acre ranch in Oregon stocked with cattle, neither land nor cattle of which he had ever seen. He also owned cattle ranges in Nevada. He was a man naturally given to large and bold operations. He never lost his balance.

Losses never disturbed him, nor did great profits elate him. Physically, Dr. Glenn was almost a perfect man. There was not a weak spot in his round, well-knit body and broad shoulders. He could ride a mule eighteen hours a day without fatigue, and had often done it when personally superintending his ranches a long distance apart. He was an indulgent father, and there never was anything too good for his family. He was a popular man in his own neighborhood,

which for so large an employer was high praise.

The trial of Huron for the killing of the Doctor was held in Colusa before Judge Bridgeford. Jackson Hatch was counsel for the defendant, while General Joe Hamilton was for the prosecution. Hatch argued that if the defendant firmly believed in his own mind that it was necessary to kill Dr. Glenn in self-defense, then he was justified in so doing. He said as to the presumption in the case, the law allowed the defendant to rest upon the presumption of innocence. Hatch in his argument of this case, occupied nearly eight hours. General Joe Hamilton argued that in the course of the trial after the evidence of the prosecution was all in the defendant takes the stand and for the first time pleads self-defense in justification of the homicide. This plea of self-defense, the counsel argued, was an afterconsideration. Counsel argued that the prowling about of the defendant before the homicide and his having deadly weapons on him proved premeditation and malice. He said that Dr. Glenn was undoubtedly not in a pleasant frame of mind at finding Miller, who was his bookkeeper, drunk, and when he said, "You are drunk again," Miller replied, "You are a liar," and Dr. Glenn knocked him down and there was no excuse for the defendant slaying him a week later. Counsel

also said in his argument that drunkenness was no excuse and he warned the jury against sentimental maudlin sympathy, and charged them not to allow an opportunity for it to be said, perhaps a few months later, "another good citizen shot down by a drunken man," but let it be telegraphed over the world that a jury in Colusa County had found that unlawful killing is murder. He devoted one hour and fifteen minutes to the closing argument. The case was given to the jury that afternoon and they remained out for a long time; there was no possible prospect of their arriving at a verdict and had made no progress, and the court then made an order that if there was no possibility that the jury would agree that they be discharged, and remanded Miller into custody again. It was stated on the concluding ballot the jury stood eight for murder in the first degree with four for murder in the second degree and this was about the vote throughout when it was stated that one vote was for manslaughter. It was also stated after, that the eight were willing to vote for a life sentence, provided the four would come up to that degree, but the latter stood out. His next trial resulted in him receiving a life sentence. After serving about eight years he was granted a pardon.

THE CASE OF SIDNEY BELL

A CASE that attracted wide attention in this city some time ago was the murder of Samuel Jacobsen, while returning to his home at the Corner of California and Webster streets. As he was about to enter his home, he was accosted by two men who demanded his money and his valuables. He refused to comply, when they attacked him. He resisted, when one of the men drew a pistol and shot him, which caused his death a few days later. His assailants ran off as he staggered towards his house, which he reached with difficulty. Thinking that it was a joke of some friends of his, he grappled one of the men when he was ordered to hold up his hands, when the other one fired the fatal shot. He said that if he had thought they were footpads, he would have held up his hands.

At that time it was thought that the killing was surrounded by so much mystery and numberless people were under suspicion, but no clew could be followed with anything approaching

success. Captain Lees and his men held very firmly to the footpad theory, because it was supported by several other belated pedestrians, who had been interviewed, always at the point of a pistol by tall and short highwaymen who were operating through the city, and who had none of the poetry which "Knights of the Road" were supposed to possess, but who always went quickly to business, and demanded whatever valuables their victims had about them. The detectives spent many a weary night out in the Western Addition, and out through the bleak, Market street cut, hunting for some trace of footpads who might resemble those described by Jacobsen and others. The first clew that lead up to the solution of the crime was when Captain Lees ordered Edward Campbell, who was employed by the Singer Sewing Machine Co., to be brought in, and who was thought to know more about outside affairs than he did about his business, as he was frequently seen around pool rooms, and was out from his home late at night. After a close line of questioning of this man, the police, in their unrelenting efforts to penetrate the cloud enveloping the murder of Jacobsen, aided by a fortunate combination of circumstances, brought the matter to a conclusive point.

The principal actor in these highway rob-

beries was finally captured, and Sydney Bell was the man that was much wanted. He was captured at the corner of Third and Market streets, by Detectives Hogan and Silvey. The prisoner was brought into the presence of Captain Lees, and unlike most men taxed with crimes, he readily admitted his guilt, instead of denying it. He seemed to glory in his exploits and led on by Lees, related in a cool and self-possessed manner, his experiences in "holding up" belated pedestrians. His recital was frequently of a cold-blooded character, and his style of describing his methods was as nonchalant as if speaking of occurrences of every-day life. He said he had adopted the profession of a road-agent about three months previous to his arrest, when, with his companion, his first holdup was a man near the German Hospital. His booty consisted of a nickel watch and seventy-five cents. Disgusted with the results of this venture, Bell returned the watch to his victim. Right after this they held up a man in the Market street cut, and relieved him of $85.00 and a gold watch. A few nights after they held up a man on Park Hill, near Haight and Broderick streets, and their victim was allowed to pursue his way with his assets diminished to the extent of $60.00. Shortly after they held up a man at Golden Gate avenue

and Broderick street and their victim turned over, unwillingly, to them, the sum of $3.00 and his silver watch. The same night another man in the vicinity of this place contributed to them the sum of $13.00 and a gold watch. In relating the stories of the robberies, Bell said that pistols were always displayed to intimidate the victims, and handkerchiefs were brought into requisition to serve as masks.

When the examination of the self-confessed robber was concluded, Captain Lees began to work on the information he had received and cast about for Bell's confederates. One of these was found in the County Jail awaiting trial for burglary. His name was Charles Schmidt, who was a pal of Graham and Bell, and who was captured in San Jose, Calif., with a considerable quantity of loot in his possession. Then Campbell made a clean breast of his entire connection with Bell and minutely detailed all the facts of the robberies.

He said that he was sent out with Sidney Bell to canvass for the Singer Sewing Machine Co., and on the evening of the crime they met at Sacramento and Kearny streets, where Bell made a proposition that "we go out and get some 'stuff.' After getting a revolver we took a car and rode out into the Western Addition,

standing at various corners, and meeting several persons, whom Bell wanted to stand up, but I refused. Bell got angry, and we had several disputes, he saying to me that I had no nerve, and he wanted to know what I came out with him for, so I started to leave him several times during that evening and kept quarreling until we got to the corner of California and Fillmore streets, and I told him then that I was going home. He then persuaded me not to go home until we got some 'stuff.' We then walked up California street towards Webster street, where we stood a few minutes, when a car from town came along and Bell said, 'There will probably be something good get off this car,' and just then a man whom I learned after was Samuel Jacobsen, got off the car. As he reached the sidewalk, Bell pointed his pistol at Jacobsen, at the same time pulling up over his face a handkerchief, which he wore around his neck, and said, 'Throw up your hands!' At the same instant I heard the report of the pistol and knew for a fact that Bell did shoot Jacobsen. Jacobsen made the remark, 'Shoot me, will you?' Bell then turned and ran north along Webster street, and I followed him; we both got down into town and stopped at the Cogswell Fountain on Kearny and Montgomery avenue, where we separated.

"Bell told me before leaving that he was going to get something if he had to roll a drunk. I went home and saw Bell the next day at my room, and he spoke of the shooting of Jacobsen, saying that he was badly hurt and for me not to say anything about it." In signing up all this confession, Campbell made it without promise, threats or fear, or hope of reward, and solely to further the ends of justice.

There was not much credence put in his confession, as it was thought that he was telling all this to escape punishment. When the case came up before the courts, Captain Lees figured that the cinch that he had on Bell was the testimony to be given by the witnesses who had identified him in his holdups. He was not convicted of the murder, but was convicted of the robberies on three counts, and sentenced to sixty years in the State Prison. Ten years on the first count, ten years on the second, and forty years on the third.

THE DALTON GANG

THE Dalton gang was generally recognized as being the boldest and most audacious gang of bandits who had plied their nefarious calling throughout the country since the palmy days of the James brothers. Evans and Sontag might possibly have encroached a little upon their claims to supremacy, but while their depredations were conducted in many states, they always had a remarkable preference for the Indian territory as a field of operations. They were well known in California and their principal place of abode was in Merced county. Grattan Dalton first became notorious by his connection with the robbery of a train at Alila, in the early part of the year 1891. William Dalton was arrested in connection with this train holdup and was taken to Visalia, where information was received a few days later leading up to the arrest of Grattan. During the trial Grattan attempted to shift the responsibility of the affair upon his brothers, whom he swore had informed him that they

tried to rob the train. The jury considered Grattan's previous record, however, and assurance of innocence fell upon deaf ears.

While no evidence was adduced at the trial to show that Grattan was the prime spirit in the Pixley and Goshen train robberies which occurred some time previous to this other holdup, it was said that the detectives had satisfactory proofs that he was the bandit who held up this train. Grattan was taken to jail to await sentence and he laid all plans to make his getaway. By some means he became possessed of the keys of the prison kitchen and cell doors and one night he unlocked the door of his cell and passed through the kitchen unobserved and secreted himself in the storeroom. He managed to get two notorious desperadoes out of their cells and all three of them broke the locks on the window of the storeroom and all passed out into the street. The Southern Pacific Company immediately offered $3,000 for Dalton's capture and strenuous efforts were made to secure him, dead or alive, but without success. The gang immediately beat it out of this state and proceeded towards the territories and formed a combination of outlaws with the sole purpose of robbing banks and the determination of most of them "to die with their boots on." Their careers

ended as did that of their famous predecessors, the Youngers, in endeavoring to rob a bank at Coffeyville, Kansas, in broad daylight. It cost the lives of four reputable men to rid the country of them.

This gang divided themselves into two squads and made simultaneous attacks upon the Condon and the First National Banks of that city. One of the most sanguinary battles of the kind was the result. Bob and Grattan Dalton, Tom Evans and "Texas Jack" Moore, desperadoes, were killed outright; so were C. T. Connolly, Marshal of Coffeyville; George Cubine, a shoe merchant; Lucius Baldwin, a drug clerk, and Charles Brown, a shoemaker. Thomas G. Ayers, cashier of the First National Bank, and Emmett Dalton were mortally wounded, while numerous others were slightly wounded.

The most remarkable incident of all this bloody battle was the work of a man named Jim Spears, who kept a livery stable there. At the sound of the first firing, he grabbed his Winchester and with steady nerve and deadly aim, he worked it, killing three of the desperadoes in rapid succession, shooting as an expert marksman would at a target. The visit of the Daltons to this town was not wholly unexpected. It was once their home and all were well known. A few

nights previous to this battle, so the story goes, one of the Daltons awoke a druggist and demanded whiskey. The man had none and Dalton, with many threats and flourishes of his six-shooter, went into another drug store. It was there he got the liquor and at once rode out of town. The people of Coffeyville then got news that this gang was not far off and heeded the warning. Citizens oiled up their Winchesters and shotguns and stood partially prepared. Despite all this, the attack was so bold and sudden that the town was for a moment paralyzed. On the morning they entered Coffeyville, the people were startled by the appearance on the streets of six men heavily armed with Winchesters and Colt revolvers. They were Bob, Grattan and Emmet Dalton, Tom Evans, "Texas Jack" Moore and Ollie Ogee. They had tied their horses in an alley and coming rapidly out upon the street, the gang crossed the street and entered the First National Bank.

The men who entered the Condon Bank ordered the cashier and the teller to throw up their hands and give over the money. The cashier replied that he could not, as the time lock was on. They asked him when it would be open and they accepted his statement that it would be open about 9:30 and then considerable money

was handed over to them. Over across the street the other two desperadoes commanded the cashier to open the safe, the latter following instructions and turned over considerable money to them. They then marched the bank attaches out on the street. By this time the news spread rapidly and men of the town with weapons rushed to the scene. As Bob and Emmett Dalton emerged from the bank, an express agent named C. S. Cox, and George Cubine opened fire upon them, wounding Emmett. The brothers turned back and running into the bank emerged through a side door.

There they shot and mortally wounded Lucius Baldwin. Coming out into the street they returned the fire of Cubine, instantly killing him and wounded Charles Brown so badly that he died a little later. The cashier of the First National Bank, a Mr. Ayers, started to run, but a volley from the robbers in front of the other bank was fired at him and he fell fatally wounded. This gang then made for their horses and they were met by a perfect fusillade of bullets in which Bob and Grattan Dalton and "Texas Jack" were killed, not, however, before Bob had killed City Marshal Connolly. Tom Evans and Ogee mounted their horses and dashed out of town, but Evans was hit hard and a half mile

away fell dead from his horse. Ogee escaped and it was known that he was badly wounded. From the First National Bank they got $20,000 and from the Condon Bank $3,000 and every cent of this money was recovered, part of it from the grasp of dead hands. The news of this terrific battle spread through the country like wildfire and General Superintendent Frey of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, with a special car containing about forty trusted citizens armed with Winchesters and shot-guns, speeded into Coffeyville to assist in running the desperadoes to bay. They found on their arrival that there was but little work for them to do, as the plucky inhabitants of Coffeyville had wound up the careers of the desperadoes.

The Dalton boys were born in Kansas and their parents were well liked for their charitable deeds and other good qualities. Bob and Frank first began to slide into deeds of outlawry by running off cattle from the ranges and selling them to herders in Colorado. They continued at this business several years until it got so warm for them that they were compelled to flee the country to deprive the community of participating in the festivities of the lynching bee. This seemed to be the turning point in the lives of these boys and after that time, there was no

crime too daring for them to commit. The first heard of these boys after leaving their Kansas home was in this state, where they were accused of robbing trains, waylaying stage coaches, and committing numerous depredations. They continued this desperado life in California for two years, until one of the boys, Grattan, was captured, charged with robbing a stage coach, and after a desperate fight in the courts, he escaped from jail. The boys then left the state, about the time of the opening of Oklahoma, and right along their deeds of outlawry in the Indian territory had equalled, if not surpassed, the famous James and Younger boys in their palmiest days. After they returned to Oklahoma, from California, these boys came and went as they pleased, being seen and recognized at nearly every town in the territory by friends and acquaintances. Few people were aware of the fact that the Daltons were second cousins to the James boys and were distantly related to the Youngers. It was claimed by friends of these boys that they had acquired a desire for train robbing by reading the accounts of the many daring deeds of their illustrious relatives, and it was this that first turned them in the direction of highway robbery.

Before the opening of Oklahoma, Bob Dalton obtained a position as Marshal and served in

that capacity during the first big rush into that territory. Many of the settlers remembered him as he appeared the day before the opening. He rode into the big camp of the boomers, having come across the country from the South. There were half a dozen deputy marshals in the camp before he got there, but they were not making any parade of their authority. As soon as Dalton arrived, however, he began to make himself very prominent, loudly asserting that if there was any liquor sold in the camp, he would arrest somebody. He attracted a crowd about him on this occasion, and finally got into a quarrel and started to draw his gun, but dropped it back into its holster when he recognized four men with whom he had quarreled some time previously. Bob Dalton was rather a romantic man, young and handsome, and was given to big boots and revolvers which he prominently displayed. He was a man of some education and rather pleasant to meet when he was not drinking. These boys, when they started out to do this rough stuff, drew other rough riders about them and it soon became the Dalton gang. These men were all well acquainted with the country they operated in, and had many friends among both whites and Indians, and although the country had been scoured for them time and again, no one was ever

able to find them. Every train and bank, and almost any kind of robberies that had happened in the Southwest at that time had been attributed to this gang. Although this gang was not responsible for them all, however, it had a long series of successful exploits to its discredit. It was estimated that the clean-up that was made by the gang amounted to about $300,000. Where it went, was a mystery.

THE MURDER OF MARY A. CLUTE

A VICTIM of one of the most cowardly murders ever committed in this city was Mrs. Mary A. Clute, who was beaten to death while defending herself from assault. This brutal crime was committed in a flat on Guerrero street. Alone and defenseless, this unfortunate woman was stooping down, evidently engaged in laying a carpet, when the murderer sneaked up behind her, and with a coupling-pin killed her. As she fell to the floor she uttered a scream which was heard by the occupants of the lower flat. They immediately entered the house, and in a rear room found Mrs. Clute lying on the floor, her face covered with blood that flowed from a gaping wound in the back of her head. She was dead, her skull having been crushed by the cruel blow. Realizing that a wanton murder had been committed, the neighbors immediately notified the police, who appeared at the scene, and found the body as it had fallen. The woman's disarranged clothing indicated that an attempt had been

made to commit a criminal assault. In the room adjoining was found a coupling-pin that had been used. It was covered with blood and hair. Captain Bohen, on learning the meager particulars of the terrible crime, summoned all the available men, and ordered them to assist in running down the cruel murderer. The police in their investigation found that robbery was not the motive, as there was nothing molested or taken from the premises. Captain Bohen at once telegraphed to Watsonville, Calif., to ascertain something of the antecedents of Mrs. Clute. As soon as he received the reply he started his men out on a new trail with instructions not to return to police headquarters until they had landed their man.

A carpet-layer named Joseph Foley was taken to police headquarters and closely questioned, as it was rumored that he was the last man seen leaving the house of the murdered woman. According to the statement he made to the police, he and a man named Jackson were sent to her house to lay some matting. As they rang the door bell, Mrs. Clute appeared and assisted them in carrying the matting upstairs, and Jackson a few minutes later left the premises to return to his store. Foley, after completing the work, asked Mrs. Clute what she thought

of it. She replied that it suited her and then left. Foley subsequently left the premises and as he walked downstairs, he heard a rustling of skirts as if some woman was approaching. Without waiting to ascertain who it was, Foley walked away and took his satchel with him and said that he saw no one enter the house while he was there.

The lower part of the house was occupied by a man named Legg, and his wife and his aged father were in the house at the time. They were the only persons who saw the assassin after the consummation of his deadly deed. The old gentleman's story of the circumstances was that he was sitting in front of his fireplace, when suddenly he heard the sound of a heavy body striking the floor overhead, followed by two or three screams in quick succession. His daughter-in-law was in the kitchen getting dinner ready, and his first thought was that something had happened to her. They both went out on the front porch and a man came out of the small alleyway that led to the rear stairway and started up the street at a rapid walk. He called to him and asked what the noise upstairs meant. He made no response, but quickened his steps, and when he called to him again, the only result was that he started to run. He was described as being short

and thick-set, wearing a dark suit of clothing and his hair was black.

Mrs. Legg, upon being interviewed, said that Mrs. Clute had engaged the flat above, and the police learned from her the description of a man whom she believed was the last person leaving the house, and his actions gave her reason to believe that he was the murderer. She said the man was short, about five feet, six inches in height, with a full dark beard and moustache, and apparently a foreigner. He was engaged to assist Mrs. Clute to move her furniture, and he was to make over some mattresses, and to do other chores in arranging the furniture. The police found that this man, who resided at Sixth street, was Albert Hoff, but whose full name was Albert F. G. Verenssenеckockockhoff, whom they immediately took into custody and charged with the crime.

The police had evidence in their possession that the prisoner had little regard for womanly honor. They produced witnesses who stated that Hoff had boasted to them of his wrong doings. They received information from a man that the coupling-pin which was used by the murderer to beat out the life of the unfortunate woman was one of the tools used by Hoff. The murderer was four or five times engaged by this man to

repair his furniture, and the last time that he was at his house Hoff became very confidential with him. Almost on every occasion when Hoff was engaged by him he had seen the coupling-pin among his tools, and this man took an interest in Hoff's work, and watched him and talked with him while he was engaged in mending the furniture. He picked up the couplin-pin among Hoff's tools and asked him what it was. He told him it was a coupling-pin. This man said he knew very little of such things and its name conveyed nothing to his mind. A few days after this man had occasion to make a journey in the cars, and then saw one and learned there the use of such an instrument.

At the time that this man was talking to him, he asked him what use he had for the pin and Hoff replied that it was useful as a weapon of defense. Two or three times after that this man had ridden on the cars and on seeing a coupling-pin it would bring a recollection of the upholsterer to his mind. In that way he always connected Hoff with a coupling-pin. And on a subsequent occasion when Hoff came to his house, he always noticed the heavy iron bar, and he got to know it almost as well, or perhaps better, than Hoff did himself.

On the morning after the crime, this man saw

a reference in the papers to a coupling-pin and the pictures of the weapon; the man Hoff came to his mind and he felt convinced that he was the man who had committed the crime. He went to the police headquarters and saw the pin. He knew the instrument so well that he could pick it out from a dozen, and was satisfied that the one that the police had in their possession was the one that he saw in the kit of tools. The police had been inclined to the opinion that Hoff had been angry at Mrs. Clute because she had employed other men to do some work for her about the house, and also because he had lost so much time in trying to find her. This, aggravated by liquor he had taken, might, they thought, have led to a quarrel resulting in murder. Though they did not lose sight of the more probable intent as shown by the examination of the physician.

In the palm of Hoff's left hand, the police discovered a jagged fresh scar, and immediately had the police surgeon make an examination of the wound. It was a deep wound slightly curved and had the appearance of having been caused by some blunt, but rough-edged instrument. The rough projection on the end of the coupling-pin with which the murder was committed would, in the opinion of the surgeon, cause such a

wound. Hoff was a left-handed man and the doctor gave as his opinion that the injury in the prisoner's hand was caused by the rough projection on the coupling-pin, while it was being used as a bludgeon to beat out the life of the murdered woman.

Hoff was extremely nervous while the examination was being made and gave evasive answers to the questions of the physician. Hoff's statement was that the wound was caused by a tack in a roll of carpet. With all the facts in their possession, the police had woven a web of circumstantial evidence about the accused man and he found extreme difficulty in extricating himself. He pleaded not guilty, and when tried he was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. He appealed to the Supreme Court for a rehearing, and was granted a new trial. And upon his second conviction was sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

JIMMY HOPE—BANK BURGLAR

THE bank burglar has always been considered a high class man among criminals and possessed of qualifications such as knowledge of mechanism, intelligence, nerve, patience, quick thinking, etc. He makes a study of the surroundings and it has been known that in many instances a period of two or three years have elapsed before completing plans of operation.

One of the most distinguished bank burglars that ever was in America was Jimmy Hope. The career of this man was remarkable and it was said that he had been the most successful bank burglar in the United States; had cracked more safes and done less time for it than any man of his profession. It was also said of him that different from most of his ilk he had saved his money and was always in ordinarily comfortable circumstances. It was he who planned the great Manhattan Bank burglary in New York several years ago from which there was taken over two million dollars in bonds and securities. Among

a number of his burglaries was the cracking of the paymaster's safe in the Philadelphia Navy Yard, Smith's Bank at Wyoming County, New York, the Deep River Bank at Deep River, Conn.; the National Bank of Wilmington, Delaware; the Limerock Bank in Maine, and in many instances in these burglaries he had been taken into custody, and had made several escapes from jails. He arrived in our city along the early part of the 80's and planned the burglary of Sather & Co.'s bank, which was located at the corner of Montgomery and Commercial Streets, and it is only due to an accident that this famous cracksman did not succeed in relieving the vaults of upward of a half million dollars. A few days previous to this intended burglary, the bookkeeper of the bank noticed that bits of plaster were continually on his desk when he would enter his office in the morning. Thinking the circumstances strange, he notified the manager, and at once an examination of the bank building, both inside and out, disclosed nothing. Not feeling safe, the bank people requested the police to keep a lookout for the place. At that time the detectives were aware that there were a large number of eastern crooks in the city. Thinking prevention better than cure, a watch was posted on the bank from a building across

the street. Enough was discovered to convince the officers that some of the crooks had the Sather vault located to rob, so a watch was put in a room over the bank to ascertain just what operations were going on, the watch being composed of Captain Lees and Detectives Bohen and Byram, while in a room in a building across the street were Detectives Jones and Coffey. The officers were all instructed and communicated with each other by flashlights and the first signal was given by the office across the street at about 9:00 p. m., which told of the entrance of two men into the hallway leading upstairs to the floor over the bank. Upon reaching the landing, the officers detailed in the bank could hear the intruders enter a closet close by. Then one of the men was heard to come out, and thinking from his movements that he was going to leave, one of the detectives opened the door and sprang upon him. This fellow who proved subsequently to be Jimmy Hope, quietly submitted. Not so, however, with his companion, who made his escape by running to the top floor and jumping to the roof of a neighboring building. From there he escaped to Clay street by jumping through several windows in an empty building. It was discovered that the closet on the second floor was directly over the bank vault. In the floor a very

neatly contrived trap door had been cut and several feet of plastering on top of the vault removed, laying bare the iron top of the safe. Debris had been thrown into a space alongside the vault and carefully laid away. In the aperture was found one of the finest and most complete set of burglar's tools, comprising drills, saws, hammers, chisels, sledges, etc., and with the outfit an hour's work would have sufficed to cut into the money receptacle. Hope, after his arrest, became extremely close-mouthed. At first he denied his identity, but there was no trouble in ascertaining that he was the one and only Hope. Upon searching his room several pounds of powder and several hundred fulminating caps were found, together with skeleton keys, nippers, and other burglar tools. He was tried and convicted for attempt at burglary and sent over to the Big House.

The career of this burglar was remarkable and it appeared to run in the family, as his son was doing time in a New York prison for the same offense. He first started out as a pickpocket and was considered one of the best among the light-fingered gentry throughout the eastern cities.

A SELF-EXECUTED CHINAMAN

ON A May morning in the year 1880 Ah Choeng was found murdered in a house in Kum Kook alley, having been shot in the head, dragged over the floor and robbed. A few days later a police officer arrested Sing Lum, a partner and a relative of the dead man and charged him with the crime. He was tried for this crime and was found guilty of murder in the first degree. His attorneys made a motion for a new trial and arrest of judgment which was denied and the death warrant was given to the Sheriff. An appeal to the Supreme Court was filed and a remitter affirming the judgment of the lower court was returned from that body. The day of execution was stayed until further ordered.

During the long time intervening this Chinaman wriggled through the labyrinth of legal forms and doctrines in the hope that he would find a loophole through which he might at least get permanently beyond the reach of the gaunt arm of the gibbet that was reaching out for him.

What the acumen of counsel failed to win for him, the wily Chinaman obtained through the medium of his own philosophy.

He avoided official strangulation by a path that others have taken before him and during the long campaign of marches and countermarches between the Superior and Supreme Courts, Sing Lum had deported himself like a Chinaman, a stolid, ill-natured stoic, hiding behind his assumed indifference a lurking hope that like Will o' the Wisp, is lost only when the victim sinks below the ooze and mire of death. Amiability sat like a wrinkled, ill-fitting garb on Sing Lum's shoulders. In his cell he brooded over the prospect before him until his natural irritability got possession of him, and the latent ferocity in his disposition would show itself toward the jailer. Manifestations led the jailkeepers to fear that he would give them some trouble. Numbers of his countrymen visited him prior to the day set for his execution and poured words of consolation in his ear, and after their departure, he seemed like a changed man, becoming cheerful in his manner, throwing off his bravado and telling the jailers that he was ready to die and would meet his fate like a brave man and a Christian. He disavowed any intention to do away with himself and by his air of sweet

submission and resignation completely disarmed the grim guardians of the prison of all suspicion.

The death watch was, however, preserved and throughout the long night that was to be Sing Lum's last on earth, the tread of the sentinel as he walked the corridor in front of the cell was the only sound that broke the stillness. Sing Lum slept the sleep of the innocent; he dreamed, perhaps, of the green hills of his native Cathay and the hangman. At the far end of the corridor there was a black platform with a trap door. Above it was a crossbeam. He heard the sound of the carpenter's hammer building the scaffold which struck terror into the hearts of some of the inmates incarcerated there for capital offenses, the fear that sooner or later the same noise would be made in the erection of a scaffold for some of them, from which they would take the final step and bid farewell to all earthly joys and pain. Sing Lum knew of all these preparations but their significance did not seem to weigh much on his spirits. When the morning dawned the doomed man rose from his pallet and looked out of the narrow window that admitted a gleam of gray light into his cell. He could see nothing but a small area of whitewashed wall less than two feet away. He was buoyant and apparently as happy as if he were going to burn

punk and throw the praying blocks for good luck. He ate his breakfast seemingly with a relish and expressed himself ready for the ordeal that awaited him.

The cell was a large one, on the lower tier of the corridor, just at the right of the entrance. The bare walls were neatly whitewashed. Everything that could be used insidiously as an instrument of self-destruction had been removed. On the floor was a straw mattress, and the furniture consisted of two small benches, from the bottom of the supports of which the usual triangular-shaped piece was cut out, leaving a bootjack with which a Chinaman might pull his head off, should he consider this a comfortable mode of dying. Near the cell door just at the left was a sort of a box about as high as an ordinary washstand, enclosing the sink. A gas pipe ran along the ceiling to the front wall, coming down with a burner at the side of the door. The ceiling of the cell was about seven and a half feet high. There was a small bend or sag in the pipe close to the wall, and a little forward of the position of the sink. Sing Lum took all these things in at a glance. His plans were matured, and a brief absence of the guard afforded an opportunity to put them into execution. He peered through the crossbars of the little wicket in the cell door and

saw that there was no one there; the guard had trusted to Sing Lum's honesty, only to come back and find himself a victim of misplaced confidence. Sing flew at his mattress and tore off two strips about six inches wide from the ticking, and hastily doubling them to a sufficient strength, made a noose on one end which he placed over his neck. Then mounting on the corner of the sink he tied the other end to the sag in the gas pipe, giving barely sufficient length to leave his head clear of the ceiling. Having made everything secure, he threw himself from the sink and considered that he had done the job as neatly as the Sheriff could have done it himself. It was but a few minutes before the guard returned. The gas was in full blaze in the cell, and the officer looked in through the wicket, but he saw no Sing Lum. Hastily entering he was unpleasantly startled by jostling against the suspended and almost inanimate body of the self-executed Chinaman. The body swung limp, the glassy eyes looked down with ghastly fixedness on the guard, and the opium stained front teeth grinned at him as if to add insult to injury.

As soon as help could be summoned the body was cut down and laid on the stone floor. A few feeble pulsations showed that there was a lagging spark of vitality still there, but Sing Lum

was practically dead. No use could be made of him. The very cross-beam over the scaffold at the end of the corridor seemed disappointed, and this Chinaman had gone without his passport. He was removed to the morgue. In the days when executions took place in the County Jail on Broadway street, crowds of people would assemble on the streets in front (myself included) to see something that would help our imaginations to depict the scenes within the forbidding walls, and when it was announced that Sing Lum was already at the morgue a cloud of disappointment seemed to settle over the crowd and they dropped away one by one as if reluctant to believe that they were to be deprived of their entertainment.

THE POLICE COURT OF EARLY TIMES

NO OTHER part of San Francisco in the days that are gone by, presented as much of a strange field for observing human degradation of the lowest as the territory which was called the Barbary Coast. The rough manner of the habitues of this locality, the bruised face, the angry stare, the besotted look, the quick blow, was something revolting. Fiddles and ill-tuned pianos, with maudlin shrieks coming from there, enticed the curious stranger within its thresholds. In those miserable abodes the wretched victims forfeited respect and honor, from which it inevitably dragged them to want and shame. It always invariably happened that after a few months of such living, the victims found themselves carried to prison from time to time, mostly going to the County Jail. The police court of those days was presided over by Judge Davis Louderback, and the docket in his court each morning was an unusually long one, which proved that the police had not been idle. At the head of the docket each

day were the names of those who had worshipped "too muchly" at the shrine of Bacchus. They were fined the usual sum of $5.00 each, and such as were unable to pay the $5.00 went below for twenty-four hours to enable them to meditate on the merits of the flowing bowl.

It was very interesting as well as comical to listen to the arguments of some of them who would be on trial, as they would often say that they were much abused as well as innocent, which would appeal to the spectators as if witnessing a vaudeville show. In some of the cases which were tried in this court, the complaints were as follows: Charles Lewis, colored, threatened the extinction of H. H. Green, another citizen of the same type, who was the proprietor of a bootblacking stand. In pursuance of such design, he assailed Green with a shooting implement, while the latter was engaged in hoeing down the brogans of a special policeman, and knocked Green down with the weapon, preparatory to perforating him with the contents. The officer recovered sufficient self-possession to interfere and arrest Lewis, and the judge comprehended the case sufficiently to find Lewis guilty of assault and battery.

The next case up was Eliza Moorehouse, a woman of colossal stature, having been picked

up on the street in a disabled condition caused by spraining a limb. She was brought to the city Prison hospital for treatment, and during the night she recovered sufficiently to make an inspection of the premises and rifled the pockets of the hospital steward of three dollars in coin. Upon the discovery of this transaction, the patient was removed to a front seat in the parquette, where she awaited trial and was found guilty. This remarkable lady came to the city several years before under engagement to a circus, in the capacity of a giantess. She stood six feet, ten inches in her stripes, and by artistic splicing had a professional stature of nearly eight feet. She was finally disabled for the giantess profession by rheumatic pains, for which her system afforded an enormous capacity, and latterly she had gone about the streets with a six-foot crutch, containing about the bulk of timber required for Goliath's javelin.

The next case that was called on the docket was a professor on phrenology. This eminent person had been gathered in the night before, in consequence of an unbalanced condition of his perceptive faculties which deranged his physical equilibrium, causing him to fall down a stairway on Clay street and partially submerge himself in the raw material of a Chinese tripe fac-

tory. "Phrenology," the gentleman remarked while in the dock, "tells a person just what he amounts to, and no fellow can calculate what he is good for until he knows how the different bumps will pan out." This professor gave an illustration by examining the organs of a Barbary Coaster who was in the dock and who had a head put on him the night before which exhibited developments of a rare order. The Professor said that this subject was endowed with faculties that might have grasped renown in the legislative halls of the nation, but chill penury repressed his noble rage, and he had never been able to grasp anything above the hue of petit larceny. His Honor disposed of the two of them with accustomed celerity, and the melancholy tableau faded into the dismal shades of the cellar below like the base fabric of a nightmare.

The next case on the calendar was a woman of masculine proportions distinguished as the Empress of Bull Run Alley, a woman named Kate Lehigh, whose appearance was rendered singularly repulsive by the extinction of one eye; all the ferocity of her nature was concentrated in the malignant gaze of the remaining optic. She was up on a charge of assault and battery. The complainant in the case, a colored citizen named Joe Richards, also presented a pic-

turesque appearance, with his head entwined in several yards of white cotton striped with gore, suggestive of a walking tableau. It happened that Mrs. Lehigh gave a gin party the evening before, which was attended by Mrs. Richards, and when Richards called around with an umbrella and a wheelbarrow to escort his lady home the hostess repelled the intrusion of the colored element upon the select gathering, with much indignation. The repulse took the form of a stone jug, which impinged upon the cranium of Richards with such violence as to shatter the vessel into fragments. A numerous deputation of the denizens of Bull Run Alley appeared as witnesses for the defense, but notwithstanding the affront Mrs. Lehigh had received, the Court adjudged her guilty as charged.

The next case to be brought up before His Honor was a difficulty that occurred in a grocery store. A woman under the influence of liquor entered the place owned by a German, ostensibly for the purpose of purchasing five cents worth of beer, and while in there took up a position in the barroom portion and proceeded to devote her attention to a babe which she had in her arms. The owner of the grocery remarked that he didn't care to have his place of business turned into a nursery or a resort for wet nurses, and he

ordered her out. She refused to leave the place, and her ejection was witnessed by some of the patrons of the place which terminated in a general row. After hearing a vast number of witnesses, the Court concluded that he was unable to decide which one of them was guilty, and let them all go with a reprimand.

Then came a very heavy case before His Honor, wherein three men were charged with disturbing the public peace. The circumstances of which happened in a saloon near the waterfront, where they were discussing a difficult problem. The officer on the beat happened along and immediately locked them up. On calling the case the following morning, the judge was informed by the officer of the loud noise emanating from them, when one of them arose and said to His Honor: "I'll admit we might have been a little noisy, but under the circumstances the question that we were discussing was a difficult one. It was the setting of a frog in a railroad switch. You know, Your Honor, that this is the most accurate part of rail laying, and of course each of us was opposed to the other's theory, but nevertheless we were all well brought up, and we all had good 'larnin' but we made poor use of it." With this little piece of oratory the judge concluded that they were all well versed in the

"rule of three" and sent them on their way.

The next up was the leading tenor in a concert hall charged with disturbing the peace by attempting to sing in four keys at the same time. This minstrel was laboring under an attack of intemperance and an officer who was attracted to the place by the uproar, was under the impression that it was a Chinese slaughter house, where the operation of hog killing was being prosecuted. With this heavy testimony against him, the vocalist recuperated behind a heavier key for sixty days.

Following this case, was a Chinaman who was up for stealing an umbrella from the front of a store. This Celestial happened to look at the barometer and it indicated that rain was not far off, so he grabbed the first umbrella that he saw, and the judge sent him out to the "big umbrella" enclosed with brick walls, where no more rain or barometers annoyed him for ninety days, which carried him well into the dry season.

The judge's attention was then called to the case of Frank Lovell, a colored citizen, who had a misunderstanding with another gentleman of that type on some great constitutional question, and the result was that Mr. Lovell's antagonist was laid up for a month in the County Hospital with a badly damaged head. Dr. O'Donnell, who

attended the vanquished gentleman, immediately after the combat, testified that he perceived no symptoms of fracture of the skull. In the course of his extended practice he said that he had never noted but one case of fracture of the negro cranium. In that instance the subject was blown up on a Mississippi steamer and sent head foremost through the side of a lime-kiln, and it was with difficulty that his life was preserved. On this testimony Mr. Lovell escaped on a conviction for simple assault and battery.

On calling the next case the lithe form of a young vendor of patent medicines, who sold his goods on street corners, advanced. It seemed that after his day's labor had ended, and after the last bottle of "the oil of life" and "the joyous messenger to corns" had been sold, he retired to his virtuous abode, of which establishment a woman named "Big Kate" was the proprietress. This woman, on account of being finely proportioned, had been casting sheep's eyes at the young undiplomatic doctor. The same evening the doctor in question invited some ladies to a recherche spread of cold turkey and Oregon champagne with a little electrical fluid in it, and the orgies continued till the early hours in the morning. The singing of anthems to Bacchus became rather discordant about this time and two

highly respectable young men who resided in the house joined in a profane chorus of demurrer, and energetically demanded that the Bacchanalian revival should be postponed to some time when their slumbers would not be disturbed. Big Kate took umbrage at this delicate intimation, and forcibly remarked that she was not catering to their especial musical taste, and violently requested them to go where the Duke of Gloucester so pointedly desired to send the spirit of the unhappy king. Immediately after the patent medicine man came out of the room and defied the young men to single—aye, or double—combat. His challenge was accepted with commendable alacrity, and a good deal of crockery was broken during the period of three minutes. Police attracted to the battle found the medicine man in the midst of the ruins with a gash in his arm. He asserted he had been cut with a knife, but it turned out that it was caused by him falling on the ragged edge of one of his broken medicine bottles. His Honor prescribed a dose for all parties concerned.

Following this record of business, the next up was the first officer of a schooner engaged in the brick trade on the Sacramento river, and a person of economic principles who ordered a pair of shoes to be made for him at a Chinese shoe

factory on the corner of Pacific and Montgomery streets. On his next trip down he visited the heathen artisan for the purpose of procuring the shoes and fulfilling his part of the contract, but on trying them on he found that insufficient allowance had been made in the preliminary survey for the elevation of his principal bunions, and he consequently insisted that Hung Yet, the proprietor, should take a fresh triangulation and perform a new job. The heathen peremptorily declined the proposition and further declared that he take his shoes and pay for them before he left the shop. The proclamation was no sooner made than the reluctant customer was flanked and surrounded by all the Asiatic cobblers in the factory, while the boss emerged to the street and blew a solo on his police whistle. The signal attracted a great rush from all directions and the vicinity was packed by an excited populace. About the time the alarm had reached North Beach and the remote precincts south of Market street, the police were coming from all directions and forced their way through the multitudes to the central point of excitement. On ascertaining the circumstances of the difficulty, it was found that he was unlawfully restrained of his liberty and was allowed to depart.

The following morning the docket of the

court was very lengthy and upon being unrolled by the clerk, was the size of a window shade, with a heavy list of overnight entries. The first call on the docket was John Smith, to answer a charge of drunkenness. He asked to be permitted to say a word. "Certainly," said the Judge, "but you must plead guilty or not guilty, then you will have an opportunity to explain." "Well, Your Honor, as I am given the choice of two pleas, I will plead not guilty." The arresting officer testified that he found the prisoner stretched out at full length in a Plaza, and snoring loudly, at the rate of forty snores a minute. He also stated that he found near the prisoner a piece of blue and a piece of white glass. At this point of the testimony the prisoner interrupted the officer: "That is just what I want to explain," said he. "This blue glass is what is the matter. You see, I've been studying this theory of blue glass as a cure for various afflictions, and as I didn't feel very well yesterday, I thought I'd put that theory into practice. I procured the white and blue glass to form the proper combination as directed by the theory and went in the Plaza to take a sun bath. The effect was most wonderful. The moment the sun's rays passed through the dual glass, the pains which had affected my head seemed to pass away like snow before the sum-

mer sun, and after that I knew no more until this officer awoke me. He, no doubt, presumed that because I was asleep, I was drunk. I tell you what, Judge, if you have any pains in your head, you try a blue glass sun bath." "Your Honor," said the officer when the prisoner ceased speaking, "I reassert that the prisoner was drunk, and I am almost willing to swear that I saw blue gases escaping from his mouth." "That's it again, Judge," said the prisoner, springing to his feet, "what the officer saw was only the reflection of the blue glass." His Honor ruled that his gas pipe needed some soothing balm and ordered him below for twenty-four hours.

The next case up was Peter Komas and George Rojas, two Greeks who quarreled over a girl whom they were both in love with. Peter assaulted George, and was charged with intent to do great bodily harm. Upon hearing the case there was such a confusion among them in speaking their language, that His Honor was asked to have the service ofa Greek interpreter. None could be found and Peter then told the Judge that he would like to have the circumstances translated. The Judge informed him that the excitement caused by both of them, convinced him that he would be justified in translating it into the English language and Peter was ad-

judged guilty and sentenced to a period of 90 days.

The next up was Tom Brown, who went into a restaurant and ordered a meal; after partaking of such, the waiter presented him with a check for 40 cents and upon going to the counter he laid down the check with 25 cents, when the proprietor demanded the full amount. Tom refused to pay him and when the proprietor reached over to grab him, Tom threw a match box, which missed the proprietor and broke a costly mirror in the place. His Honor, upon hearing the circumstances of the case, set the price of the check up to $100.00 or 100 days in jail and advised Brown not to be eating these costly meals in the future, as it might tend to make him become a dyspeptic. He afterwards went by the name of "Well Fed Tom."

"Why is this thus?" cried Jenny Cramer, who was up on a charge of being drunk in a public place, and received a sentence of 30 days. She spoke before the court and said that she was not disturbing the peace and that she walked along with the officer quietly, while Rose Howard, whom it took four officers to bring in and the noise that she made was enough to scare the goats on Telegraph Hill, was let off. "Why such discrimination, and why is this thus?" The

court said, "From the way the officer explained the echo from your voice, the goats must have been running around the town, and that is the reason 'why this is thus'."

The next case on the calendar was a raid that had been made on the "House of Blazes." This place acquired its name for the reason that several of the dwellers were always "lit" and from the testimony given it appeared that the evening before a party was given to Mrs. Smith, who occupied a tenement in the place, in honor of her wooden wedding. Her husband invited several guests and they drank several decoctions of logwood out of wooden buckets, ate hard tack off a wooden table, sang with more vim than correctness "The Old Oaken Bucket" and "Woodman, Spare That Tree," and "Gathering in the Firewood," and other songs appropriate to the occasion. The guests showed their appreciation by dancing clogs and thumping the floor with baseball bats and one of the party who had a wooden leg thumped the floor so fiercely that it was impossible to subdue him; even the house dog took a bite at him which had no effect, until finally he received a clout from a spud masher on his block and the performance was concluded. On hearing the case, the Judge said that the sentence of all of them would be appropriate to the

occasion, as the woodpile at the jail was in need of sawing and they could specialize on the art—at that wooden wedding—for sixty days.

After disposing of this case, the next up on the docket was James Allen, who pleaded not guilty to a charge of having committed a battery on his wife. Mrs. Allen testified that her husband had sent her for bread and that not liking the kind she brought, he knocked her down, beat her, and then attempted to bite her nose off. Allen testified that she struck him first and bit his finger. "What was the occasion of the trouble between you and your wife?" asked the Judge. "I suppose that it was a little liquor on my part, and bad temper on her part," replied Allen. "She has got a bad tongue and she jaws me and beats me, but I never had her arrested." "Did the quarrel commence, as your wife says, about the bread?" "Oh, yes. You see, Your Honor, I can only eat one kind of bread, and that is nice twist bread, and she brought me some other kind that I could not eat, and I said, 'Annie, dear, why did you bring me that kind of bread?' She then commenced to jaw, and I jawed back, and she struck me four times, so I struck her." The Judge found Allen guilty and gave him a twist for three months, to enable him to become accustomed to the different kinds of baking.

Following this came Happy Jack, who kept a dive on the Barbary Coast and who was charged with keeping a disorderly house. He had been up so often on different occasions that the house was ordered closed. He went by the name of "Colonel" Jack Harrington, but was generally known as Happy Jack, whose experiences in the paths of virtue and righteousness appeared to have been anything but pleasant. He then announced that he would deliver a lecture in a hall and his subject was "True Inwardness of the Temperance Movement or the Potato Peeled." A brass band was stationed at the door to assail the ear of the passerby with horrid din and distracting discord, probably with the nefarious design of compelling him to take refuge within the hall at four-bits per capita to escape the persecution. His audience consisted of about 100 persons and nearly all of them gained admission by the elasticity of the free list. Then "Colonel" Jack began to orate, with arms outstretched, and soared aloft in eloquent praises of the cup that inebriates. "Oh, King Alcohol, great is thy sway, thou makest meaner creatures, kings and the unfortunate fellow of the gutter forget his miseries for a while." The audience seemed to be delighted and expressed their appreciation of this beautiful sentiment by shouting, "More wind to

you." Jack continuing, said, "I was proprietor of one of those popular places of amusement known as a dive and all was serene and calm and I was happy, but they came down and took from me during the night, my beautiful place where the floor was paved with lemon peel, cigar stubs, flat beer, etc., where fortune and comfort in this life were to be mine.

"My beautiful soubrettes and Spanish dancers have gone and when I look back on the scenic effects of those beautiful melodramas and the midnight dances with lighting effects, it's no wonder that I stand before you the example of a wronged man."

The next adventure that Jack undertook was managing a restaurant and that was a signal failure for numbers of Jack's friends (principally free-listers) visited the place and Jack paused to remark that he saw the celery, pickles, and the crackers disappear from the tables like snow before the sun. Sadly, he said, "I wandered into the back yard and, like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, I mused upon the vicissitudes of satisfying their appetites with three dishes for a quarter and the best that I could get out of them was, 'put it on the ice, Jack, and then take it out in the sun to dry!' "

THE BABY FOUND MURDERED IN GARDEN

AN ATROCIOUS act was committed in this city some years ago, when an infant was found murdered in his father's vegetable garden, which was situated on a sandy hill bounded by Steiner, Waller, Scott and Ridley streets. This part of the city was known in the days gone by as "Sans Souci Valley"; the spot where the body was found was in the sand dunes, which were covered with lupin and thistle. To the south of the garden was the German Hospital, and to the north was a residence. The neighborhood was sparsely settled. On the northeast corner of this garden was the dwelling house occupied by the parents of the murdered babe. It was a very common structure. Adjoining it were barns, stable and outhouses. Upon a sand dune to the southwest was another frame structure which was occupied by another Italian, who also had an interest in the garden. The spot where the body

was found was in a hollow, which had never been under cultivation. It was in plain sight from Waller and Scott streets. The little child, who was nearly two years of age, was a bright little fellow, with blue eyes and flaxen hair. He had been in the habit of roaming about the garden, amusing himself according to the dictates of his childish fancy. Antonio, which was his name, was allowed to roam at will, and but little attention was paid to him by his parents or the hired men at work in the vegetable gardens, as he always returned to the house when tired. His father was in the habit of leaving his home at two o'clock every morning for the vegetable market, at the corner of Davis and Pacific streets. He returned between 11 and 12 o'clock, and little Antonio, who had been taught to watch for his papa, would go to the garden gate, meet him, and ride to the stable. During the forenoon of the day that the little fellow went out as usual, the mother, after seeing her husband return, supposed that her baby boy had gone with him and gave herself no further concern, until her husband arose, after taking a nap, and asked what had become of the boy. Then the parents became alarmed, and feared that he was lost.

A search was at once instituted for him, and inquiry was made of the men at work in the gar-

den. The only information that could be obtained was that during the forenoon he had been seen ascending the sand dunes on which the house in which he was born stood, and some time after was seen by one of the workmen going along a path which led from the house. It was then supposed that, having become tired, he had crawled under some bushes and fallen asleep. Then several of the neighbors went searching through the bushes with the hope of discovering the child, but although the search was kept up until late in the day, no trace of him could be found. The spot where the body was subsequently found was visited and examined by several people. They all declared that in their search they had passed and repassed the spot several times, but did not see the object of their search. The place was so exposed and the shrubbery so sparse that if the child had been there on the day it was missed, someone would have seen it. With the advent of night the search was given up, but the parents cherished one hope, and that was that their little child had passed through the brush and reached a street, and wandered away and had been picked up by some kind-hearted person who had taken charge of him. With this idea in their minds, they inserted advertisements in the papers asking that any-

one who might find the missing boy, should communicate with them. The father again went to the market as usual, and ascertaining, upon his return that there had been no tidings of his missing boy, went on a second search. Traversing the garden towards Scott street, he passed through a sandy hollow and there, under a small lupin bush, having a spread of about two feet, he saw his infant son dead, with his face covered with sand, his light glowing hair filled with burs and twigs, and with a wound in his throat.

A cry of horror, which escaped from the father's lips, attracted the attention of those within the sound of his voice, and they, rushing to the spot, found him on his knees by the side of his dead boy, weeping and calling for vengeance upon the fiends who dealt the murderous blow.

The scene was heartrending and was rendered more so when the mother appeared, learned of the fate of her child and lamented his heartless murder. On the slight incline from the body, there was discovered a tuft of dry grass blood-stained, and close to this was a quantity of blood, which had mingled with the dry sand.

The police were at once notified, and the first inquiry they made was for a motive for the crime. None of the people questioned by them

could furnish any clew and the officers were at a loss to surmise one.

They could not, even after the most diligent search, find a clew upon which to work. That any one could be so base as to plunge a deadly weapon into the body of one so young or so innocent was for a time doubted.

The theory was that the infant had met his death by accident. This was that the little one had strayed away and was returning to his parents' home when he picked up a piece of glass. That while descending the decline leading to the hollow, he stumbled and fell; that the piece of glass struck edge upwards on the ground, and that in falling his neck struck the edge of the glass and produced the wound which resulted in his death. That he fell face forward in the sand and that in the convulsions of death rolled over to the spot where he was found. This theory was exploded when the post-mortem examination was made. Upon internal inspection of the body, there was discovered on the neck a penetrating wound two inches long. Further examination revealed that the wind-pipe had been completely severed and the right artery punctured. From the nature of the wound, it was surmised that the weapon used was a large, sharp-pointed blade of a pen knife. It was demon-

strated that it would have been impossible for the child to have inflicted the wound by falling on a piece of glass. It was also suggested that the crime might have been committed by some tramp or insane person, and acting upon this suggestion, the officers scoured the neighboring hills for tramps and made inquiry in every direction, and they learned that there were no tramps seen hovering around that section. Suspicion was at one time directed towards a man who lived in the vicinity and who had a difficulty with the child's parents about a dog. It seems that the dog ran over into this man's yard and caught one of his chickens. The owner of the chickens followed the dog and shot at him. This led to a war of words and a threat on the part of the man to get even. It was also stated that after finding the body all the neighbors, with the exception of this man, visited the place. He was interviewed by the police, who became satisfied that the suspicions against him were groundless.

The officers were of the opinion that the child was killed and carried to the spot where found, and the case remained unsolved. In most instances of murder, there is an assignable cause —revenge, jealousy, robbery, or something else. There may be killing unpremeditatedly in hot blood, but this is not murder in the technical

sense of that crime. How could anyone account for the depth of depravity of the heart which takes human life from mere wantonness, and without the appearance of any possible motive. The killing of this child struck terror into the whole neighborhood. A child of two years could have no enemies. No one could profit by its death, and if its murderer was not also a child of larger growth, then the fiendishness that would prompt such a deed cannot be accounted for on any principle known to govern the emotions or passions of sane minds.

SAN FRANCISCO IN THE EARLY '70's

NO REVIEW or record of the crimes which attracted wide attention in the early '70's would be complete without the mention of the theft of Toby Rosenthal's famous painting "Elaine—The Dead Steered by the Dumb."

As is, no doubt, known to many, Toby Rosenthal was perhaps the greatest artist that California had ever produced, and was a notable figure of world-wide importance in the time I am mentioning. While still a struggling artist, but showing unmistakable signs of genius, he received a commission from Mr. Tiburcio Parrott of this city, to paint a subject from Tennyson's "Elaine." Rosenthal developed and enlarged upon the theme suggested by Mr. Parrott, and when completed, sold the painting to Mrs. R. C. Johnson of this city for the sum of $3,000.00.

On March 8, 1875, Mrs. Johnson brought the painting to San Francisco and exhibited it at the Art Gallery of Snow and May, on Kearny street, near Geary. The fame of the picture and the

knowledge of its author attracted thousands of visitors to the gallery, where it remained on exhibition for nearly a month.

On the morning of April 3, 1875, the word spread like wildfire throughout the community that "Elaine—The Dead Steered by the Dumb" went outward with the thief. The famous canvas had been cut out of its frame in the night by some thieves, and was apparently hopelessly lost.

Immediately the detectives were pressed into service. Numberless theories were advanced and each received consideration. Was it the work of a thief, desiring a large reward for the return of this famous canvas? Was it the work of an enemy desiring to ruin the owners of the gallery from whence it was stolen? Was it the deed of an art lover infatuated with the beautiful "Elaine" and her dumb pilot?

While these theories were under consideration, a stranger, whose name was not divulged, walked into the office of the Chief of Police, and informed him that on the night previous, while standing in the vicinity of the art gallery, he had seen four suspicious looking characters in conversation and evidently surveying the building. He made a mental photograph of these men and one, in particular, he reported as having a large

scar on his face. Captain Lees immediately recognized "Cut-Face Donohoe" from the description given, and also James Curran, alias Elmore, and Tommy Wallace, all of whom were well known to the police. With characteristic energy, Captain Lees immediately set to work and very shortly had located the rendezvous of the three men in a lodging house on Third street. While searching the room of this house, Curran opened a door and Captain Lees immediately stepped into his room and demanded that he surrender the picture. Curran at once concluded that the police knew all about the matter, and admitted that the picture had been removed from the building just an hour before. At the same time, other detectives had taken into custody "Cut-Face Donohoe," Wallace and James E. Allen, the latter being the man who really did the job and who cut the picture out of the frame. The officers were led to a little shack in the rear of a lot on Langton street, near Folsom street, and there, hidden in the bed clothing, rolled and sealed and marked "Custom House Official Maps," the much-prized "Elaine" was found.

The history of the theft and the motive that led to it was simple enough. Allen and Curran forced their way into the gallery on the night before the picture was to be finally removed

from the city, and tried to take it from the frame. Finding this impossible, Allen neatly cut the picture out of the frame and rolled it carefully and took it away with him. The whole job took less than fifteen minutes. The motive prompting the theft was a large reward with no questions asked. Curran and Allen were convicted after a trial and both served terms in the penitentiary for the theft.

Another great sensation in this city, which attracted wide attention throughout the country, was the arrival of the notorious outlaw and bandit, Vasquez, whose daring exploits and cold-blooded crimes had made his name known and feared throughout the whole Pacific Coast. Vasquez's career began in 1854, and continued until his final arrest and imprisonment after the robbery and murder at Tres Pinos, Monterey County, in October of 1874.

Vasquez was a man of keen intelligence and a born leader, and for years roamed almost at will over central and southern California, leading various bands of outlaws, engaged in robbery, horse stealing, stage holdups and murders, as a regular occupation. After the robbery of Schneider's stores in Tres Pinos, and the murders which accompanied it, Vasquez was finally severely wounded, captured and taken to the

jail in Salinas. Fearing that he would be removed from the jail, either by his own associates or by lynchers, he was taken to the coast and put aboard the steamer "Senator" and landed in San Francisco. Here, in the city prison, he was the center of attraction until his removal to San Jose for trial.

Vasquez was convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged, and was executed in San Jose on March 19, 1875. In response to the Sheriff's question of whether or not he had any statement to make before his execution, he said, "To the Fathers and Mothers of Children: Standing on the portals of the unknown and unknowable world, and looking back upon the life of this, as I have seen it, I would urge upon you to make your greatest care to so train, influence, instruct and govern the young to whom you have given life, that they be kept aloof, as far as in the nature of things possible, from the degrading companionship of the immoral and vicious. You must not think, from what I have said, that I make any reflection upon the instruction and training I received from my own parents. I affirm they did all they could to bring me up in a right way. Circumstances which they could not control threw me among vicious associates, and I disobeyed their wishes and commands. I hum-

bly ask the pardon of each and every one that I have offended or injured, asking their pardon as only a dying man can. I thank my brothers for their brotherly love extended to me during all the time of my troubles, and to my darling and beloved sister I render inexpressible thanks. Oh! sister of mine, thy love to me will buoy me up in my last moments. I commend my soul and the hereafter that is before me, to the guiding Maker, without whose help I can never expect complete pardon. Farewell, brothers; farewell, sister dear; farewell all, the end is come."

It may prove interesting and instructive to a great many members of the Police Department, whose experiences have been confined, perhaps, to recent years, to learn of some of the very interesting places and events which engaged the attention of the Department in the early '70's.

At that time, while the standard of the Department was very high, there was a very limited number of officers to preserve law and order over a widely scattered population, and the conditions of our city were such as made it possible for a large number of crimes, and places of crimes to exist which have no place in our city today.

In particular, I may refer to the notorious, almost famous and widely known "Barbary

Coast," which in the early seventies flourished in its full vigor. There, with noisy invitation to the public, could be found Hudson's Corner, The Racine House, The Rock House, Hell's Kitchen, and numerous others of like character. Chair sleepers always had a hurried inventory taken of their personal effects.

Perhaps the most notorious of all the places which flourished on the Barbary Coast, at this time a regular hangout for the rounders and thieves and those of the underworld generally, was the "Bull Run Saloon" or Hell's Kitchen and Dancehall, operated by Ned Allen, called Bull Run Allen, located at Pacific and Bull Run Alley. This place had no equal. Because of its character, it was always well patronized by the rounders and garotters of the day, who spent their leisure time there listening to the strains of the orchestra which was always out of tune and which attracted, as well, many passers-by.

One of the features of Allen's place was a number of dancing girls commonly known as "The Galloping Cow," "The Roaring Gimlet," "The Dancing Heifer," "The Big Sun Flower," "The Waddling Duck," who could sing in four keys at one time—hog killing had nothing on her voice.

The director of music and master of cere-

monies was "One Year Tim." Allen always wore, as a shirt stud, a diamond cluster, the size of a quarter. Allen met his fate in much the same manner as many of his kind. One night, when a large gathering of sailors were fast losing their senses in his place from the effects of the heated atmosphere and an abundance of bad whiskey, a row started and Allen seized an ivory tusk and started to clear out the house. In the mixup that followed, Allen received a knife wound which caused his death. His assailant, Bartlett Freel, was arrested, tried and convicted of the murder. In commenting upon his plea of self-defense, the Judge said: "I think it is likely that the testimony is true—that Allen made an assault on you with a club, but you provoked him to it by your conduct when you refused to move out when told two or three times to leave the place with the others. Even on your own testimony, there was no necessity of killing him when you could have gone away and left him. True, the community suffered little by his loss, but you didn't kill him to rid the world of a bad man, but from malice." Freel was sentenced to the penitentiary.

One of the most notorious characters of this period was John Devine—commonly known as "Chicken Devine." This man left behind him a

record which had no parallel in the brief, but terrible criminal history of that time. Devine was a runner for sailor boarding houses and received the name of "Chicken" in a row which arose in a sailors' boarding house on the waterfront one night. In a discussion regarding the merits of a prizefighter named Pete McGuire, who was regarded as a top-notcher, the boarding house master said, "I have a chicken who can whip him." There was a group of sailors singing "Johnnie's Gone to Hilo" when a row started. In the mixup the "Chicken" got his arm caught in the jamb of the door, when a runner named Billie Maitland, grabbed a knife and cut the Chicken's hand off. The Chicken was a game man and picked up his hand and ran into a drug store at Drumm and Pacific and asked the drug store man to "put this together."

The windup of Devine was that he enticed a young German named August Kemp over to South San Francisco and killed him for a paltry sum, where the big rocks lay on the hill to the left of San Bruno Road, as you leave Wilde street, going south. He was arrested and hanged in the County Jail on Broadway, for his crime. He died as coolly as if he were going to breakfast and not to eternity.

THE MURDER OF WILLIAM A. HERRICK

A DASTARDLY crime was committed in this city in the early part of the 90's, when William A. Herrick, assistant cashier of the San Francisco Savings Union Bank, was shot through the heart by William Fredericks, a pal of the Evans and Sontag gang. This crime, which for wantonness had never been equaled, was committed at the branch bank which was located at the junction of Market and Fell streets. Herrick died at his post doing his duty in an effort to protect his employers' interests. This branch office was the ideal place for a crime of the kind contemplated—the holding up of the cashier and the robbing of the safe. This was the motive, according to Fredericks' own confession. It was in the attempt to prevent this that Herrick lost his life.

At the hour that the deed occurred, the street was clear of people. Only two persons were at the bank at the time with William Herrick, the cashier, and William S. Melvin, the bookkeeper.

The latter was making up his books when a thick-set, sturdy built, desperate looking man entered and asked for the cashier. "The other window," said the cashier sharply. The visitor went to the next window and handed Herrick a piece of paper folded up neatly. Carelessly the cashier opened the note. It was enough to daunt the bravest man, for it read: "Mr. Cashier, Sir: After considering my deplorable circumstances I am convinced that this life is not worth living without liberal means and therefore I am resolved to make one more effort in the high road of self help to sustain my miserable existence. Should you not comply with my demand, I am compelled to employ my last remedy, a bottle of nitro-glycerine, and to bury myself under the ruins of this building, blasted to everlasting nothingness. Yours respectfully, A Despondent Man."

Under this ominous note was drawn a rude skull and cross-bones in red ink. The writing was also in red ink. As he realized the fearful import of the missive, Herrick's face paled and a tremor ran through his brain. He made a movement to the right hand drawer of his desk. Crack went the sharp report of a pistol shot and a ball whistled past Herrick's head. The cashier was game and leveled his gun which he had seized from the

drawer and fired through the plate glass at the robber. There was a howl of rage and pain as the fresh blood spurted over the desperado's face, for the bullet or a splinter of glass had struck him in the right eye. The robber then deliberately covering him, fired again and Herrick fell dead behind the counter, shot through the heart.

The first shot had aroused the bookkeeper. He had nerve, too. Quickly he leveled his revolver at the murderer who, panic stricken, was making frantic efforts to reach the street. Melvin fired twice, shattering the glass of the counter doors, but Fredericks got through them and into the street, his smoking revolver in his hand, a menace to several people whom the first shots had gathered quickly to the scene. Several men gathered in the murderer's path. "Back," yelled Fredericks, making a dash into their midst, "or I will shoot some of you." He dashed up Market street, his arms close to his chest and his right hand grasping desperately the weapon with which he had ended Herrick's short career. Fredericks was brought to bay and captured in the cellar of a house at the corner of Fourteenth and Mission streets by Officers Shields, Gallagher and Flynn. He was immediately ironed and taken at once to the receiving hospital where it was ascertained that a splinter of glass had cut

the ball of the right eye, allowing the eye substance to escape, destroying the sight. The murderer complained that his left arm was paralyzed from the effects of a wound, but the doctors and police officers shrewdly suspected that he was feigning. The prisoner took his position calmly. He made no complaint but for some time refused to speak. He gave his name as Frederick Bonnemant. Later this was discovered to be only a part of his full name and his identity was settled to be that of William Fredericks, a companion of Evans and Sontag, a desperado of the worst kind, who had been suspected of killing two men some time previous.

During all the time that he was in the custody of the police the strictest watch was kept over him as he was considered too dangerous a man to be left without watching and he was locked up in one of the innermost cells at the city prison. When he was searched by his captors it was at once seen that he was an old hand. In the first place, he was prepared for trouble and had fitted himself with an arsenal. A cartridge belt with fifty cartridges and two 44-caliber Smith & Wesson revolvers were buckled around his waist; both belt and pistols showed signs of ample usage. A dirk knife completed his list of arms; but besides these he had a leather bag containing

an outfit of false keys, a case saw for cutting iron and a large chamois leather bag with leather thongs with which he doubtless intended to carry off his spoils, as it would contain about $10,000.00. He also carried a bottle of alcohol with fuse attached; he said when he presented the letter, that if the cashier refused to give him the money he would show him this bottle and fuse and threaten to blow up the place. His intention was to back the two clerks into the vault, but it failed. With all these various articles in his possession the police began a search of the records in the Identification Bureau and working on tattoo marks which covered his body and arms he was identified as a Folsom convict who had served a term for robbery committed in Mariposa County.

In a notebook found in his possession it showed that he had committed burglary in Oakland, stage robbery at Red Bluff, stage robbery at Wallace, Idaho, highway robbery at Salt Lake City, and there were revelations by the interpretation of the ciphering which were interesting. Fredericks, according to this book, appeared to have been troubled with superstitious beliefs and was studying palmistry. He had also jotted down the composition of counterfeit coins. Some of the entries were suggestive of the murderous de-

signs he had upon society. For example: Collodine poison, three drops kill man; another, 200 drams chloride of potash and pitric acid, high explosive. There were also a number of entries showing that Fredericks was conversant with the route taken by Chris Evans and Morrell after they broke out of the Fresno jail and expressing his sympathy with the bandits and the antipathy to the bandits' enemies.

Among the effects found in the culprit's room was a canvas bag with straps attached for slinging it over the shoulder, and in this bag were two women's wigs, women's silk stockings and burglars' tools, which led to the belief that he had traveled about disguised as a woman. Letters were also found in which he had written where he attempted to defend the participants in the Folsom prison outbreak; he paid special attention to those who aided in the capture of Chris Evans, referring to Sontag as a moral leper. He went on to say that he had never taken a human life and that he never would except in self-defense. He would never submit to recapture and he made heroes of Dalton, Williams and Evans and their associates and opened the vials of his wrath upon the heads of all officers.

Now, in summing up all this, it showed that he was absolutely without any moral scruples

and a dangerous man to the community, there could be no doubt. He looked upon the universe as a system which revolves, or should revolve, around him and his desires. When spoken to, he always would have a smiling face which showed no index to the character of this criminal. Being slow-witted, he would lead a person to believe that he would do no harm to anyone. He was convicted of this murder and paid the penalty on the gallows.

FAMOUS TRAIN HOLD-UP

ETERNAL vigilance is not always the sole price of liberty. This is particularly so if one is a celebrated criminal for whom the police are looking. Marion Hedgepath was both vigilant and brave, and, after leading the police a lively chase for some time, was finally trapped in this city some years ago, accused of being implicated in a train holdup. It was not through a lack of vigilance that he was taken, but it was because, like many other hunted criminals, he would write and receive letters.

The circumstances of the crime which Hedgepath was wanted for was the holdup of the Missouri Pacific express train when she was running about eight miles east of St. Louis. The train was stopped at a place called Glendale by a gang of bandits; two of them climbed up into the cab of the locomotive and at the point of pistols compelled the fireman and engineer to walk back to the express car. A stick of dynamite was set off against the door of the express car and volleys

of shots were fired to terrify the train hands and the passengers. The express messenger was stunned by the explosion and before he could recover the use of his limbs, two of the robbers scrambled in through the shattered door and compelled him to surrender his treasure. The amount of money carried off by the gang was supposed to be over $70,000.00.

This location had quite a history as a site for train holdups and it was here that the James brothers committed their first train robbery. Telegraph communications were sent out to every police department to keep a sharp lookout for the criminals. A few months later a young dudish looking fellow with a smooth face sat in a chair alongside of Chief of Police Crowley in his office and laughingly conversed with the Chief and Captain Lees and other members of the force who were in the room at the time. There was nothing about him to show that he was a criminal, much less a prisoner under arrest; still, the person who sat there so calmly had the reputation of being one of the most desperate of the many members of the criminal class that ever visited this state. He was captured at the post office in this city and when taken he was heeled with two guns which were found in his overcoat pockets. This smiling young man was no other

than Marion Hedgepath, who was wanted for the holdup of the St. Louis express train. One of the detectives, Ned Byran, strolled up beside him and gave him the usual look. The look evidently paid, for Byran stepped in front of him at once and seized him. This young man shot his hands into his overcoat pockets, but before he could draw his guns, Captain Lees and two of his men closed in on him and he tugged desperately to get his arms free, his elbow crashing through a window; he was forced against the wall and ironed and taken to the city prison.

A brother-in-law of his named Slye was later captured in Los Angeles, Calif., he being one of the bandits wanted for the robbery. This gang had dynamited safes in different parts of the country around here. They held up the Omaha street car barn in daylight, covering everyone in the place with guns, drilled a hole in the company's safe and blew it, securing about $800 in this job. Shortly after they held up a train near Milwaukee, but secured little booty, and this job was done similar to the Glendale robbery. Journeying to St. Louis they blew three other safes, one of which was in a store, and this job was the most outlandish piece of audacity ever heard of before. While they were working away on this safe, a citizen happened to be passing on the op-

posite side of the street and the lookout spied him and called him over and when he arrived he found himself looking suddenly into the barrel of a revolver. He was taken into the store and searched, the gang supposing at first that he was a private watchman, but upon learning the mistake, they invited him to witness the novel feat of safe-blowing. He at first declined, but a little revolver persuasion induced him to stay.

Immediately after this job they blew a safe in a butcher shop and another in a saloon. Detectives from St. Louis came here to take Hedgepath back and before he left the city prison he met with an unpleasant surprise. He was lined up with a number of prisoners and was identified as one of the bandits who held up the Log Cabin Bakery on San Pablo avenue, Oakland, but he flatly denied the accusation and he always said that he was not a party to the holdup of the express train. He addressed the men from Oakland who identified him as the one who held up the bakery, saying: "My friends, I want you to consider one thing. You are not under oath, but I want you to be as sure about your identification as if you were in court. You know I am about to be taken back to Missouri to be tried for a very serious offense, and if my name is connected with other crimes, it will prejudice my case. Are you

positive that you are not doing me an injury?"

He made the following statement before leaving this city: "This is the way it goes with a man who is down. Once down, everybody kicks him. That tendency of human nature has caused all my trouble since my first offense. When I was a boy of 18 I got into trouble and was sent to the penitentiary. As soon as I was released, I returned to my father's farm and took charge of it, determined to live an honest life. My father had consumption and he left all his affairs to me. One summer I went out hunting with a friend and when I returned in about a week I learned that two safes had been blown open in the vicinity. Some of the neighbors knew that I had been in prison and the finger was put on me as the one who committed the crime, though I could prove an alibi by many reliable witnesses. Some believed me guilty and kept talking about the matter until I was almost frenzied and determined to leave that part of the country.

"I went to different parts of the country, but my record always preceded me and I had to leave, and whenever a crime was committed in a neighborhood in which I happened to be, I was accused of it. The reason I armed myself so heavily was because I had determined not to be taken alive. I had been hounded enough and I

was tired of it. I suppose now that I am under arrest and my picture has been published that I will be identified as the perpetrator of every crime committed on this coast for the past year."

On arriving at St. Louis, Hedgepath was taken to the office of the Chief of Police and he was positively identified by the engineer, the fireman and the express messenger of the St. Louis express. He was convicted of the robbery and sentenced to twenty-five years. After his release from prison he made his way to Chicago and while there he was killed by an officer who caught him burglarizing a store. The criminal career of this man, like many others, ended with the bullet.

THE MURDER OF JOSEPH BLAISE

THE body of Joseph Blaise, who had been robbed of his life by a brutal murderer, was found on a rough road that led to the summit of Russian Hill many years ago. A knife wound in the throat, inflicted by a coward who attacked him from behind, was the immediate cause of Blaise's death, but in the battle he evidently made for his life, the assassin's blade descended again and again, ripping gashes in the victim's scalp.

The police had Leon Soeder, a brother-in-law of the murdered man, under arrest for the crime. Not only was the accused said to have murdered his relative who lay in the morgue, but he was suspected of having taken the life of his own wife. She died mysteriously near Petaluma some months before and he collected the insurance on her life. Then a ranch house that was Soeder's property burned and again the insurance people were called upon to pay a claim presented by him. The crime of this murder was diabolically

planned, according to the investigation made by the detective department.

Blaise was brought to this country by Soeder, and the last named attempted to insure Blaise's life for $5,000 in New York City. Failing in this, he tried to induce the Pacific Mutual Company of this city to give him a $10,000 policy, but the insurance people became suspicious and refused to allow more than $3,000. Later he succeeded in taking out an accident policy for a similar amount, in which he was made the beneficiary. The murdered man could not speak English, and Soeder transacted all of his business for him, interpreting what he said and telling him whatever he wished.

Blaise was about 30 years of age. He had been married to Soeder's sister for several years and was the father of three children. Blaise and his family lived quietly at Hub, Alsace-Lorraine, Germany, until Soeder went back to the little place on a visit. The last named had lived in the United States for more than twenty years, and into the ears of his brother-in-law he poured stories of great possibilities in California, and the two came here together a few weeks later. Blaise was unable to speak any language except German, and being a stranger in the country, he depended upon Soeder for direction and advice.

Both were cooks by occupation, but upon their return had not been able to secure employment.

When both men arrived in this city, they took apartments at 827 Jackson street. They appeared to be quiet people and gave as an excuse for their idleness the small demand for laborers of their craft. Later Soeder applied to the Pacific Mutual Company for a $10,000 policy on Blaise's life. Immediately the agents of the concern became suspicious and reported the matter to headquarters. It appeared strange that a cook, without a position, would desire such a large policy, but owing to the honest appearance of the man, a policy for $3,000 was granted him. Soeder did all the talking while in the offices of the insurance people. When the policy was taken out, $103 was paid on it, and Blaise's wife was made his beneficiary. Some months later the two again visited the Pacific Mutual building and each took out a policy for $3,000. Soeder was made Blaise's beneficiary, and vice versa.

On Taylor street, between Green and Vallejo, where the body of the murdered man was found, the ground is high, and adjacent to it is a bluff of masonry that extends some forty feet into the air. The body lay on its back, and a gaping wound, from which much blood had flowed, was found in the neck. There were also cuts on the

back of the head, dealt by a sharp instrument. At first it was believed that the victim had been hurled over the cliff. Later it was found that the deed had been done where the body was found and that the attack of the assassin had been quick and sure. The body was found by a man named William Hogan, who reported his discovery to Sergt. H. H. Christiansen, who resided in the neighborhood. The sergeant hurried to the scene and notified the detective department and then the morgue officials.

Captain Martin, Sergeant Christiansen and Detectives Charles and Tom Gibson started to work at once and after a thorough examination of the scene learned the identity of the murdered man. A letter written by his wife gave his address and the landlady, Mrs. J. Nevilas, from whom he secured apartments, told of the presence of Soeder. The latter was requested to visit police headquarters and did so. Soeder told the detectives how he had brought Blaise to this country and of their efforts to secure employment. He said both had gone to dinner from their room about 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon and after a repast at a Mexican restaurant on Broadway, had returned soon after 6 o'clock. Then, Soeder said, Blaise announced his intention of taking a walk. He went from the place alone, and

Soeder said he never saw him alive afterwards.

When questioned as to the amount of money Blaise had in his possession, the relative stated that when he arrived in this city, he had $200, and that when he left the house Sunday night he had $90, in his pockets. In accounting for the disappearance of $110, within five weeks, Soeder told of the life insurance policy made in favor of the woman, but he failed to mention that in which he was named as beneficiary. Soeder then said that he was not uneasy when Blaise did not return, because he thought he had gone to visit a family out on the Mission road and had remained there for the night. He said he asked the landlady if his friend had come home, and she replied that he had not. He then started out to the address on the Mission road to see what had become of him. When he went back to the Jackson street house later in the day, the detectives had already been there, and he was instructed to go to the Central police station. Soeder's story seemed frank enough, and when he viewed the body of the murdered man at the morgue, he evinced emotion. There seemed to be no reason for detaining him and he was permitted to go on his way.

Newspaper men informed Secretary S. M. Marks of the Pacific Mutual Company of the

murder and questioned him regarding the insurance. Marks was surprised and immediately told of the incidents that led up to the granting of the policy. This information was communicated to the police and at once detectives were dispatched to again find Soeder. In the meantime, Captain Martin ascertained the facts surrounding the issuance of the other policies as stated above. The landlady said she heard the pair leave the house at 5 o'clock, the time they went to dinner, but did not hear them return an hour later, when Soeder said they did. The body had lain all night in the roadway. It was stiff and cold, and the clothing was drenched with moisture.

There was another point on which the police laid stress. The amount of money possessed by Blaise was but $200, according to the statement made by the man under arrest. A $10,000 policy, had it been given, would have cost nearly double that amount, and Soeder would have had to furnish the funds. His readiness to put up a large amount of money for a relative with whom he had just become acquainted, the police said, furnished a motive for the crime. The police found a knife in Soeder's room with which, they claimed, the crime had been committed. When confronted with the evidence against him, Soeder remained firm in his denials. He was placed

in the tanks and the investigation was continued.

Evidence of a most damaging nature was secured by Chief of Police Wittman and Detective Tom Gibson against Soeder. The most important facts brought to light against Soeder were those of his record as an ex-convict; his connection with an attempt to counterfeit gold coins; cleaning of the suit of clothes he wore on the day of the murder; pawning of a revolver which he denied owning, and a final admission that he had been married twice and that his first wife had disappeared. Chief of Police Wittman was certain that Soeder was guilty of the murder of Blaise for the purpose of securing the insurance carried on the life of the murdered man, and the facts brought to light on the investigation wove a chain of evidence around the man under arrest.

Soeder admitted that he went to Europe and induced his brother-in-law to come to this country and try his fortune; he also admitted that he insured Blaise's life in his own favor, but his admissions ended there. In August, 1894, Soeder was caught by Policeman Tannian in the act of burglarizing the restaurant of A. Johnson, 28 Montgomery street. The man broke away from the officer and it was not until Tannian fired two shots from his revolver that Soeder surrendered.

He was prosecuted and convicted under the name of L. S. Lekenhenit and was sentenced to three years in San Quentin. He was released from the prison on January 11, 1897. When Soeder was shown his prison record and photograph by Chief Wittman, he tried to deny that he was the man or that the photograph was one of him, but he finally said, "Well, I guess that is me, all right." When asked why he gave the name of "Lekenhenit" at the time of his arrest, Soeder claimed that the name was that of his mother.

With all this testimony against him, he was found guilty and sentenced to death. On March 29, 1907, he was executed at San Quentin.

PRISON ESCAPES

DIME novels published in days gone by contained no more startling series of tales for the edification of maturing youth than the adventures of Jack Sheppard in eluding punishment for crime. Although notoriously exaggerated, no doubt Jack's method and examples in this respect have long been disputed models of criminals throughout the civilized world, and his experiences which the ingenuity of writers had in modern times been unable to improve upon were always read with avidity by full grown criminals. The actual Jack was probably no more talented than some of the men who graced penitentiaries in his time. Primitive bars and locks were relied upon to confine turbulent spirits of his stamp. In later days the incarcerated thief was compelled to fight against improved appliances of this kind, in addition to the menace of Henry rifles and machine guns. There is something thrilling and ofttimes comical in the attempts and actual escapes of criminals. A com-

plete history of jail deliveries in the short years of California's life would rival those of Jack Sheppard's days if such a history could be written. It would cover personal reminiscences of many odd characters and picture hosts of bloody scenes, wherein life was given to obtain liberty from prison walls.

It is certainly a characteristic trait of some men to escape confinement, and failure seems only to add zest to their attempts. Penal institutions as constituted being a sort of revenge society metes out to those who infract the laws, the desperation of the criminal takes on a desire to thwart its consummation. Some men never dream of escape and often divulge plots of those who dream constantly of it. Some jail-birds whose desire to gain liberty is only equaled by their ill luck in returning to the penitentiary as soon as free, seem to study methods of escape from the time they enter until they leave their cells. It seems that these men are to a certain degree cute, for they study the character of their keepers. In the early history of San Quentin and while its methods of confinement were yet crude, a favorite mode of escape with the convict was "to run for it." Their plans were usually laid for months, carefully arranged and executed only by those who would not squeal, if either

wounded or captured. About the first break that was made from there in the early days was by five convicts working outside of the prison, who made for the steamer landing, during which run five guards were overpowered and disarmed. For three hours the convicts held the point of land against the combined force of the prison. The plan was to embark in a sail boat lying at the wharf and while hoisting the sails, two men were shot dead. Before the others could recover the craft it drifted out, and their escape being thus cut off, they surrendered.

Another famous escape also took place shortly after, when three convicts, all serving for burglary and robbery, effected their escape in an ingenious way. When the prisoners were locked up for the night each cell was secured with a large brass padlock. These "cons" had made a padlock out of bronze paper and at night they broke the lock by means of an iron bar thrust through the grating, effected their exit, closed the cell and placed the paper lock upon the clasp. They then stepped out, scaled the wall; there being no outside guards, they all escaped, but afterward they were all recaptured.

Another famous escape was planned by one of these convicts. He rigged a dummy in his cell by stuffing a pair of striped pants and shirt and

putting a false face on top. When his cell was inspected the stuffed man was taken for the prisoner while the real prisoner was concealed in the work shop. And during the night this prisoner scaled the wall. This was one of the most ingenious escapes ever planned at the prison. A search was made for him and he was afterward captured up in the hills at San Rafael.

Later on another escape was made by one of the men who worked in the contract shoe shop. He stowed himself in a box of shoes and was shipped like the other leather to this city. The box was of ingenious construction and made so that by putting a peg on the inside he could unloosen the cover. Having arrived in this city, this fellow pulled the peg and made a lightning run for St. Louis. While he was there, natural instinct overcame him and one day, being in a boot and shoe store, he stole a pair of shoes. His picture happened to be in the St. Louis gallery and he was at once returned.

Phrenologists claim that a large development of the part of the brain regulating caution, unbalanced by other faculties, produces a coward. Caution is a restraining faculty and hence a cautious criminal, while the greatest of cowards, is the most cunning. An absence of caution, therefore, produces bravery. Numbers of other

escapes have been made from prison but they generally all get returned. Criminal character does certainly form an interesting study, as many think that, after all, crime is a disease of the brain, for it does not seem as though a man would follow such a life if he were well balanced.

In one of his lectures, Bob Ingersoll expressed the benevolent hope that he would live to hail the day when every penal institution would be a hospital for the physical and mental reformation of its inmates, and when the gallows tree and dungeon would be banished from the face of the land. It is fair to infer from this that Bob regarded crime as a result of a diseased intellect or an ill-balanced organization. The opinion, although novel, was not original with Bob. Even Pinkerton held the same theories in his business for years.

Let us hope that this ultimate end will be achieved.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HIGHBINDER

SEVERAL years ago, a number of desperate Chinamen, principally men who had served terms in San Quentin, came together and organized for the purpose of plundering their countrymen and women. Their plan of operation was for gangs armed with revolvers and double-edged knives, to go into houses occupied by lewd women or by gamblers, and make a formal demand for money. If the demand was not complied with, the members of the gang would smash the furniture in the house and threaten the lives of the occupants. These threats usually had the effect of inducing those who were the victims of the gang to yield the amount asked for.

In cases where such conduct did not produce the desired result, the gang used their knives on those who resisted their demands and left them dead or dying, after having pillaged the premises. Their revolvers they used as a last resort as the report of firearms would attract the police and might lead to their capture. The many

mysterious murders committed in the Chinese quarters in those days were the work of these desperadoes.

Emboldened by success, these Highbinders, as they were called, enlarged their sphere of operation, and created what in Chinese is dominated a "Tong" or a society, the proclaimed object of which was to protect members in trouble, but the real object was the blackmailing of all who came within its jurisdiction. From a small club as it was it had grown into a society having agents in every town, village and mining camp in the state and was dreaded by every Chinaman and Chinese woman in California. This Tong had assumed gigantic proportions and was controlled by a set of officers whose will and words were law which had to be obeyed as absolutely as was the ukase of the Czar of Russia.

These officers, through their henchmen, by intimidation forced a large number of their countrymen to become members of the Tong and from these they collected a stated sum monthly which found its way into the coffers of the Tong which was divided pro rata among the officers. A failure on the part of the member to pay his monthly assessment, slow music awaited him and served as a warning to other delinquents. Aside from this ring which controlled the society

no one had a word to say about its management and it had a tribunal in which all disputes between members were settled. This tribunal had hatchet-men and assassins to carry out its behests to put out of the way those on whom judgment of death had been pronounced and was a sort of government which considered the government of the state secondary to itself.

The members of this Tong were bound to one another by oaths which were never violated, for each one who took the oath knew that should he prove false, a price would be set upon his head and the hatchet-man would be put on his track. The formality of becoming a Highbinder was of a peculiar character and the ceremony attending it struck terror into the heart of the candidate.

This form of ceremony took place in the basement of a building in Spofford Alley one night. The basement, which was of fair size, had been cleared of all articles of furniture save a few benches, which were placed against the walls, and a table which occupied a position at the extreme end of the room. At 10 o'clock that night, a Chinaman attired in the ordinary garb of a coolie, descended a narrow flight of stairs leading to the basement, and was followed by fourteen other Chinamen. The guide, who did

not speak a word, motioned them to be seated on the benches, and motioned them to remove their hats and shoes, which they did. Then came a Chinaman bearing a large tray which he deposited on the floor near the table. He then spread upon the table a red cloth, heavily embroidered with gold, the figures representing the sun, dragons and serpents. Upon the table he placed a censer in which were a number of pieces of punk and tallow candles. Then he took from the tray a number of plates on which were mock oranges, and bowls of rice and other articles of food and ranged them in systematic order on the table and then left without uttering a word.

From the upper story there came five men wearing long robes, and each having on his head a black skull cap. Each had his face disguised with a coating of white paint with patches of red and black and presenting a most hideous appearance. One of these men, who appeared to be the principal man of the quintet, carried in his hand a scroll of paper, and took up his position in front of the table, while the others stood close by, two on each side of him.

Next came into the room fourteen Chinamen, each attired as the other fourteen were when they entered, but these last carried a Japanese long sword. These men approached the hatless

and shoeless men and each one beckoned one of the latter to him. They then took down the queues of the men standing in front of them, and forming a half hitch of each around the neck of the owner, held the loose end and led the candidates to the center of the room, where they were made to kneel in two rows seven in a row, in such a manner as to face the five red-robed individuals, after which each queue holder placed the sharp edge of his sword against the throat of the candidate he held. This was done, probably, to give the candidate for Highbinders honors to understand that his head was constantly in danger.

After these fourteen men had been placed in this unenviable and unpleasant position, they were addressed by the chief of the five men in red with painted faces, who read from the scroll he held in his hand. Pausing every few minutes, he awaited answers from the postulants. These were evidently satisfactory, for in a short time the ceremonies were brought to a close, the candidates rose to their feet, resumed their hats and shoes, and took their departure from the premises, Highbinders in the full sense of the word, ready to serve their masters, and were followed by those who assisted at the ceremonies.

There have been a number of Tong wars in

Chinatown since, which have been always suppressed by the police. In 1910, a general Tong war broke out in Chinatown in which Detective George McMahon, who had been detailed in that quarter for several years, did great service for the Police Department in apprehending numbers of gunmen in which the records show of his good work.

George was well known among all the residents in the Chinese quarter, and was well liked by them. An attempt to assassinate the Prince Tsai Hsun, brother of the Emperor of China and head of the Chinese Imperial Navy, as he stepped from his train at the Oakland mole in 1910, was frustrated by Detective McMahon, who seized the assailant, George Fong, a Chinese revolutionist, just as he was reaching for a loaded revolver. Fong was about fifteen feet from the Prince as he came down the car steps, and George noticed him taking off the glove on his right hand and reaching for his hip pocket. He was drawing his pistol when George grabbed him in the presence of a number of Government officials who were present. For this act of vigilance George was highly honored in a communication to the Chief of Police from the Secretary of the Treasury in Washington. Fong was convicted in Oakland for assault with intent to kill the

Prince, and was given the longest term the law allowed, fourteen years. The chief feature of the testimony was the dramatic story of Detective McMahon when he told how he grabbed Fong just in time to prevent him from emptying his revolver into the Prince.

There is one thing that George still regrets, and that is that Lem Duck, known by thousands of tourists who visited Chinatown as Happy Hooligan, had promised George the large gold tooth that he took pride in, when it would become loose and fall out, as George always intended to make a miniature police whistle out of it, and whenever he would see Happy he would ask him if it was loosening; so finally when it did become loose, two Chinks stole into Happy's room one night when he was asleep and pulled the tooth out and got away with it. Then Happy came out running through the streets crying out: "Georgie Man, Georgie Man, Highbinder stealum whistle."

VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF EARLY DAYS

IN THE early days of San Francisco, theft and crimes of every kind and degree made the social atmosphere lurid in the eyes of all good men.

San Francisco was thrust suddenly into existence and it took many years and much trouble before it gained fair and just proportions. This could only be accomplished by heroic treatment and hazardous experiments in self-government on the part of the better portion of its citizens. There being no general law in fact, save that for self-preservation in the assemblage of people who came here at the time of the gold discovery and for several years succeeding that event, this better portion of the American residents became a law unto themselves, and by the strength of union, discipline and rectitude of purpose, succeeded in saving the city at different intervals, from the hands of gangs who observed the rule of the robber knights.

There was an organized gang of ruffians, who called themselves the "Hounds," who became a

terror, especially to the Spanish-American population. The nucleus of this desperate gang had the nickname of "Plug-uglies," who had arrived in this port on a ship called the Greyhound, from which they derived their name, and the probability was that the name was given because they went in packs and wrought destruction in concert. Whatever may have originated these raids on the lives and property of the defenseless people, the ranks of these gangs was soon swollen by the riffraff and desperate characters of all nationalities, who made war on all alike. The headquarters of this gang was in a building called the City Hotel and at the tap of a drum this motley crowd, at war with fortune, would readily assemble for whatever outrage their leader would suggest and direct. Their attacks were chiefly against Chileans. These unfortunate people they treated without mercy, invading their tents and beating and robbing them of all they possessed. Another outrage of this kind happened again a little later and it brought matters to a crisis. The better portion of the community were wont to hug themselves in the security of their own dwellings when they heard the yells, shrieks and groans accompanying the work of destruction, determined to suppress at all hazards this self-constituted gang and organized for self-

protection.

A citizen police was formed and armed and after some resistance many of these hounds were captured and placed on board a Sloop-of-War for safekeeping. The leader of the gang and several of his followers were brought to trial by a jury composed of 24 citizens and after a patient investigation the leader was sentenced to ten years imprisonment at hard labor and the rest of the gang for shorter periods. The city then saw itself getting rid of this element, who became afraid as the word went around that there would be a lot of neck-stretching in the order of things. In subsequent emergencies she was not so lenient, as a great influx of population from all parts of the world kept coming into port and matters became worse than before; in fact, every man was almost compelled to hold his life and property at the muzzle of a pistol.

There was no purgation to be gained from law and the only panacea for the ills, a vigilance committee, had to be resorted to. The citizens formed this committee, numbering about 300 of the most reputable and prominent men in the community, who pledged their lives, fortune and sacred honor to protect each other and to save the property of the people from spoilation by hordes of marauders emboldened by the absence

of justice.

Much of this violence and outrage was attributed to numbers of convicts who had immigrated here from other countries, and they, herding with the off-scouring of all nations, had a rendezvous in the district which was called Clark's Point, which lay in the vicinity of Broadway and Front streets. This place was the hotbed of all crimes that disgraced human nature and these denizens carried on their nefarious work throughout the town. It was then that the vigilance committee got busy and was called on to act in the case of a thief who was captured while robbing a safe in a store. He was immediately tried and condemned at once, and when asked if he had anything to say for himself, he coolly replied: "I have nothing to say, only I wish to have a cigar and a drink of brandy." It was a short shift and a long rope for him. His crime was committed in the evening, and at two the next morning he was dangling from a projecting beam of an adobe house in Portsmouth Square.

The next case was a culprit taken into custody for murder and robbery which had been his almost constant employment while in the city, and he was hanged on a derrick from a Market street wharf. Several other hangings took place

afterwards in the same manner, and quietness prevailed for a time.

A meeting of the town council, which had been established, applied to the Governor of the State for a loan of money from the public funds in order to erect a city jail, which was granted. About a week afterwards, Malachi Fallon was appointed Chief of Police and a number of citizens appointed police officers. The chief's salary was fixed at $500 per month and the policemen's salary at $7.00 per day. The council purchased the brig Euphemia for the purpose of a prison ship and it was moored at the Clay street wharf. The Commissioner of Streets was authorized to procure the sails of this vessel so as to use them for tents for housing purposes.

On the slope of the hill between Montgomery and Kearny streets from Jackson to Broadway were located a number of public houses. These shabby dens over whose doors swung signs bearing such familiar titles as "The Magpie," the "Noggin of Ale," the "Bird in the Hand," the "Bay of Biscay," the "Tam O'Shanter," the "Boar's Head" and "Hilo Johnnie," were always patronized by those who happened to pass after nightfall, but they did not feel as safe in that locality as in the populous streets below, for in that vicinity the sandbag was the great

weapon and was sure death if the blow was heavy, leaving no mark, no fracture, no trickling blood or swelled abrasion, for it jarred the brain to utter and eternal oblivion.

In short, these places were ruled by gamblers, rowdies and ex-convicts. A visit to this locality was made by the Vigilance Committee and quite a number of the habitues, through fright, left the city.

Another double tragedy took place before the committee ceased its labors and two more sacrifices were made in the work of regeneration. Joseph Heatherington shot Dr. Andrew Randall, who was forcing him to satisfy a judgment of some $20,000. He was promptly arrested, and on trial it was shown that he had also shot a Dr. Baldwin on account of a land quarrel. He was condemned to die and in company with a man named Brace, who had been in the committee's custody for some time for murder, was hanged from a scaffold erected in the center of Davis street, near Sacramento street. The scene at the execution was horrible. Heatherington essayed to make a speech, but was interrupted at almost every sentence by Brace, who appeared to be crazy drunk, until someone muffled Brace's head and face in a handkerchief and even then he cursed and blasphemed.

This dreadful scene, 'twas said, ended what might be called the most effective purgation in San Francisco at that time.

The committee adjourned, following with a great parade, numbering about 4,000 men under arms. It was an imposing display of physical, combined with moral, strength and was accepted by all as a proof that no such armed parade in favor of good government would ever be needed again.

With this numerical strength, the committee took a wise course, and formed an organization which controlled the municipal offices for a number of years.

MANIAC BATTLES WITH POLICE

A COURAGEOUS and brave act in the performance of police duty was displayed by Officer Hiram Hutchings some years ago when he was summoned to capture a madman who had barricaded himself in a room of the United States Hotel, which was located in Eddy street. This maniac was shooting rounds of ammunition from a shotgun through the window of his room and attracted a number of pedestrians to the scene and upon the arrival of the police he still kept firing away. He had the door of his room barricaded with a bureau so as to prevent the police from entering and Officer Hutchings ascended the fire escape to get him, which was most thrilling in view of the crowds. The coolness of this officer will long be remembered by the multitude who witnessed the occurrence.

People who were passing down Eddy street on their way to work that morning were startled to see a wild-eyed man throwing furniture, chairs, mirrors, tables, anything he could lay his

hands on, out of a window of the fifth floor of the hotel. A throng of observers rapidly gathered and an attache of the hotel rushed out to warn them that a man in the room was armed with a shot-gun. Little attention was paid to him, but in a few moments a report rang out and there were screams of pain from the crowd. Before the people had time to scatter another shot followed and more victims fell. An Eddy street car attempted to pass and its windows were smashed by a load of shot from above. Bits of $50.00 and $100.00 bills that had been used as wadding by the lunatic fluttered to the ground. A squad of police was immediately mustered by Lieutenant Fred Green and hurried to the scene with rifles and gathered in the hallway.

Officers Pat Kissane and John O'Connor pulled a lounge from another room and placed it against the door. Kissane climbed up on this to look over the transom and as soon as the maniac saw the policeman's helmet he fired through the transom but the maniac had barricaded himself behind the bed, over which he hung a mattress. O'Connor also emptied his revolver through the door and pulled down Kissane from the lounge and into a place of safety. Several times the officers attempted to creep forward and take the gunner by surprise, but each

time a volley met them. The lead buried itself in the walls of the hall and the police were literally covered with flying plaster. They returned the shots through the closed door. The maniac shot frantically, sometimes firing through the door, then appearing to take careful aim, crying out "The Irish are getting the best of me."

Lieutenant Green, who was directing operations, saw it was useless to attempt to capture the crazy gunner by direct assault, as it seemed that he had an inexhaustible supply of ammunition. So Policeman Hutchings climbed down the fire escape which passed the wild man's window to attract the maniac's attention and fire a signal shot so that the rest might rush for the door and batter it down. Hutchings, in full view of the crowd, displayed his courage in this trying emergency and demonstrated that he was composed of the material of which real heroes are made, that risking their life was an everyday occurrence with patrolmen sworn to protect life and property. When he reached the window he stopped. The maniac came to the window, saw Hutchings, started back and it was a breathless moment, but Hutchings never faltered; he fired his revolver in the air so the others might batter down the door. At this instant there was another report from the room. Something flew

through the window past Hutchings. It was a part of the crazy man's brains. Hutchings leaped into the room and found the body with the top of the head blown to nothing. He unlocked the door for the rest of the police to enter and the room presented a sickening sight. The headless body lay on the floor with the smoking gun still beside it and it was evident that he had discharged the contents of the gun on himself.

Numbers of loaded and unloaded shells were found scattered on the floor and the room presented a horrible appearance. The identification of the dead man was completed by a book found in his pocket and showed him to be Thomas Lobb, a carpenter by trade.

The battle that this man carried on raged for some time and a number of people in the street were injured by the showers of shot from his gun and all were conveyed in ambulances and patrol wagons to the receiving hospital, but it was found that their wounds were not necessarily fatal, being for the most part superficial; yet they bled profusely in several instances and the scene of the waiting room of the hospital was suggestive of a field hospital after a battle. However, it was a fierce battle for the police officers, but they did their full duty and their conduct was admirable under fire.

HEROES WHO HAVE DIED FOR THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO

A POLICEMAN on his beat each night and day cannot foretell what is to happen to him while on his way.

In the fall of the year 1891, a bloody tragedy took place a few yards from the Southern Police Station on Folsom street, when Police Officer Alexander Grant was shot and almost instantly killed by a man whom he had placed under arrest. That man was M. B. Curtis, known in the theatrical world at that time as Samuel of Posen. Curtis, who had been intoxicated and was arrested at the corner of Folsom and Fifth streets, was on his way to the station in the officer's custody. When they were about half way from the corner to the door of the police station an altercation occurred when a pistol shot rang out in the quiet streets, followed in quick succession by two more reports. The officer fell to the sidewalk without a groan and his slayer fled up Folsom street. The report of the pistol shots at-

tracted the attention of two office duty men in the station and they immediately ran out and found a crowd gathering about the prostrate form of their comrade. He was lying face downward in a pool of blood and life was already extinct.

The murderer was beating his way up the street and the two office duty men pursued him and overtook him as he turned into Shipley street. They seized him and walked him back to the place where the officer had fallen. The nippers which the murdered policeman had twisted on his refractory prisoner's wrist were still there to evidence that he was the man who had committed the bloody deed. The weapon with which Officer Grant was killed was not in the shooter's possession, but was found shortly afterward in the street where the murderer had thrown it as he ran. All of the patrolmen who heard of the tragedy, as the news spread like wild-fire, were almost beside themselves with rage and grief. Many of the sturdy policemen familiar with scenes of suffering, were highly incensed and they freely execrated his slayer. Curtis, in his drunken stupor, while lying in his cell, began telling in an incoherent drunken way his doings of the night.

Alexander Grant, the murdered officer, was a

splendid specimen of manhood, being nearly six feet tall, born in Nova Scotia, was a member of Captain Short's Division at the Southern Station and very popular with every one; unassuming in his manner, his conduct was most exemplary and he made a record as a cool and brave man, living a manly life in an unpretentious way. The killing of this man had created an interest in the public mind relative to other encounters between policemen and men they had arrested when the former had been foully dealt with while in the discharge of their duty under the same circumstances.

Since that time a great many police officers have been shot down by assassins and their remains have been taken from the pavements and among these are the following: Officer Eugene Robinson, killed by one of a gang of yeggmen whom he dropped onto while they were in the act of pulling off a job in the Mission. Officer William Heins, in arresting two brothers on the Barbary Coast, was shown down by one of them. Sergeant Nolting in making an arrest on Kearny street, was killed by thugs. Lieutenant Burke, who answered to the summons of a call to take a crazy man out of a house in the Mission; upon entering it the Lieutenant was shot down instantly. Officer Eddie Maloney, in making an

arrest, was killed by thugs. Officer Nicholson, whose body was found on Pacific street, having been shot; there was discovered a Chinaman's shoe along side of the body so as to make it appear that he was killed by a Chinaman. Sergeant John Moriarty, in taking a suspicious character who was loitering in the car barns on Kentucky street, was shot down and instantly killed, the murderer making his escape and secreting himself in a shack down by the water's edge, where he barricaded himself. A posse of officers surrounded the shack and he commenced firing upon them, but in the wind-up he paid the penalty, a life for a life.

Officer George O'Connell was killed in a fight with stickup men at Sixth and Brannan streets. Officer Pete Hammond was killed by a maniac on Fulton street. In a chase after highwaymen in the Richmond District, a posse led by Lieutenant Dan Sylvester; overtook them and in the battle that ensued Corporal Cook was killed. Officers Finley and Castor, in rushing after a crazy man at the Ferry Station, who was armed, were both shot down and killed by him. Officer Kelly, on being summoned on a call for a suspicious character standing at the front of Levi Strauss & Company's overall factory at McCoppin and Valencia streets; on seeing Kelly approaching,

this man, supposed to be mentally deranged, whipped out a gun and Kelly's life was ended.

Upon being summoned by a call to arrest Walter Castor in his home, who was wanted for murder, Detectives Jerry Dinan, Tim Bailey, Barney Reihl and Ernest Gabel were met by a fusillade of bullets from Castor's gun and in the melee Tim Bailey was killed. Gabel received a gunshot wound and Castor ended his own life and that of his sister's-in-law.

Detective Tony Schoombs, climbing the running board of an automobile on Eddy street, apprehending holdup men, was shot down by them and killed. Officer Tom Deasy was found murdered at Jackson and Steiner streets. Officer Byron Wood met his death in a running battle with a man in Turk street; this man, who received a shot from Wood's gun, also died later in the hospital. Officer Thomas Hanna, upon being called to take a burglar from a house in the Ingleside District, was shot down by him and killed. Detectives Miles Jackson, Lester Dorman and Sheriff Petrie were killed in the discharge of their duty while in the act of apprehending a gang of bandits at Santa Rosa, who were wanted in this city. Officer James Horton's dead body was discovered by a motorman and conductor lying on the sidewalk, on Powell street, having

been shot down by burglars whom he had been chasing. His pocket lamp lay beside him.

This appalling number of murders of policemen is a reminder to every one "that a policeman on his beat each night and day, cannot foretell what is to happen while on his way." And I will say to all who may read this article, that these men who have fallen were faithful to their duty and met the eternal summons unflinchingly like stalwart soldiers, valiantly ready for any fate to come.

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